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The Week

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S message to Congress contains few surprises, and is, on the whole, a thoroughly characteristic document. He sings a hymn of praise to economy, efficiency and abolition of waste, and links all three of these, and the prosperity of the country, to the protective tariff. Prices are down and wages are up; there is nowhere, not even in agriculture, any "acute chronic depression." We need no new policies. Until the war debt has been reduced, there should be no expenditures of any sort except under "the most pressing necessity." He returns rather wistfully to his suggestion that income taxes for 1926 be reduced, for which he has been so heartily spanked; but having saved his face by mentioning the proposal, he adds that if Congress wishes instead to reduce the debt, that will be all right with him. By a weird analysis of imports he shows that there is no hope of reducing duties in order to help our foreign debtors pay us: imports last year were valued at $4,466,000,000, but 65 percent of them were duty free, and of the remainder nearly one half is "subject to duties for the protection of agriculture"—whatever that means. Another $300,000,000 is luxuries. Therefore, by his triumphant reasoning, only $550,000,000 of imports is left as subject to a possible reduction! The President believes that retaining high tariff on this amount means the difference between hard times and good, and that our foreign debtors can best be helped by continuing the tariff and what he regards as its result, high purchasing power in the United States. He is the Compleat Protectionist.

THE NcNary-Haugen bill is conspicuous by its absence from Mr. Coolidge's list of recommendations. He observes that the net income of agriculture has risen from $375,000,000 in 1920-21 to $2,757,000,000 in 1925-26, and recites a list of measures for coöperative marketing and better credit facilities, passed by Congress in recent years. While cotton is depressed, the real remedy is for the growers to reduce acreage by one-third. The government has done its bit by arranging to carry over 4,000,000 bales. He endorses freight rate readjustment, railroad consolidation, waterway projects, reclamation, fertilizer from Muscle Shoals, and he obviously hopes that the farmer will look at these and not at his bank book. Labor, the President assures us, is happy, though he hopes somehow to make it even happier. He endorses some sort of branch banking law, some sort of radio legislation, some sort of bill for the return of alien property. He asks for centralized control of the U. S. Merchant Marine and an emergency board to act in case of a strike in bituminous coal; he deplores lynching, and the tendency toward centralization of government. The message is well written and informative, and worth any citizen's attention. It is also worth putting away, to be resuscitated in June, 1928, to see how many of the proposals asked by the President have become law, and what part he has played in obtaining their enactment.

THERE is one serious new development in the President's message, in regard to the Philippines.

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The preamble to the Jones law states that the islands shall be set free when they have established a stable government; but President Coolidge declares they must be held until they are "both politically fitted for self-government and economically independent." What do these phrases mean? The American occupation in at least one serious way is preventing "economic independence" for the islands, and in fact works in the opposite direction. The Philippines are a part of our tariff system and therefore a large and increasing majority of all their exports come to the United States. Opponents of freedom argue, and quite reasonably, that if we severed relations tomorrow and raised a tariff barrier against Philippine products, the islands would suffer an economic crisis of the first magnitude. If we ever mean to keep our promise—indeed, our repeated promises—to the Philippines, we must do one of two things: either arrange that after they are independent, we shall continue free trade with them, an arrangement which could do no harm to either party, or else raise our tariffs gradually over a period of years prior to the date when the present relationship is severed, giving Filipino business men time to adjust to the new conditions. W. Morgan Shuster, who was Insular Collector of Customs in Manila for five years, and a member of the Philippine Commission for three years more, proposed last week, at a luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association in New York, a plan whereby complete independence would be granted on Jan. 1, 1948. In the meantime, there would be an increasing degree of autonomy for the islands, and progressive measures would be taken to insure "economic independence," in so far as it is affected by tariffs and other legal restrictions. We should like to know President Coolidge's view of this plan, and whether he regards it as incompatible with the pious aspiration of his message.

THE dispute between the United States and Mexico is after all a fairly simple one, and in the main of a legalistic character. Under the Constitution of 1917, Mexico has passed certain oil and land laws. The United States admits her right to do so provided they are not made retroactive to the detriment of American investors. The Mexican Constitution specifically says that none of its provisions shall be retroactive, but the laws themselves are ambiguous on this point, as regards oil lands, for example, purchased prior to 1917, but not worked or developed before that time by the owner. There is also a dispute as to whether or not, in the conversations between representatives of the two countries in 1923, Mexico agreed to full protection of American property rights, and whether our recognition of the government depended upon such an agreement. The Mexican authorities, from President Calles down, have repeatedly assured us that property interests of our nationals will be protected in practice whatever may be their status in theory. The Mexicans point out, correctly, that no objectionable action has yet taken place. They assure us that any American investor who feels himself aggrieved may appeal to the Mexican courts for redress, and they argue that not until the highest tribunal has rejected his plea is it appropriate for him to bring the matter to the attention of his own government.

NO ONE can deny that the new laws, if rigidly enforced, would constitute an impairment of property rights. A fifty-year lease on oil lands is something less than full ownership. Compulsory sale of majority control of a corporation within ten years, or of land near the border during the lifetime of the present owner or within ten years after his death, means some impairment of value. Yet it is not for a moment to be compared in seriousness with such confiscation as has been witnessed in Russia, or with the confiscation of foreign and domestic investment in American breweries and distilleries when national prohibition was enacted, or the destruction of property rights in slaves in 1863. Practically speaking, oil lands become exhausted so far as all present methods of extraction are concerned, in much less than fifty years. Practically speaking, a decade is time enough in which to make even a forced sale of stock or land, to advantage. Less time is often allowed by men providing for their property by will, or by courts in settling estates. However, a practical view is just what Secretary Kellogg and Ambassador Sheffield do not propose to take. They couple to their ignorance of, and inability to negotiate with, the Latin temperament, a refusal to look an inch beyond the ends of their noses and see what results their tactics are likely to bring forth. If recognition is withdrawn, the border opened to gun runners and to revolutionists like Adolfo de la Huerta and his crew of precious scoundrels, if the Calles government is overthrown, and American life and property are rendered unsafe for another decade—well, Kellogg and Sheffield will be surprised and sorry, and that will be all.

BOTH the government and the people of the United States are fond of expressing a belief in the value of arbitration. Well, here is a case for arbitration, if there ever was one. The Mexican government would, in all probability, be glad to refer the matter to an international tribunal. It is under a heavy pressure from the gringo-hating Mexican people to be more intransigent than its sensible administrators would wish. We have a treaty with our neighbors across the Rio Grande specifically calling for arbitration of such disputes as the present. Let the question be referred to a court, whose members would be subject neither to political pressure from Mexico nor to social and financial pressure from wealthy American investors. If we are afraid of the World Court, the Hague

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tribunal could take jurisdiction. We have said that we want no more than justice, that our deepest wish is to remain on terms of cordial friendliness with our sister republic to the south. Here is a chance to show whether we mean what we say, or have been indulging in mere political hypocrisy.

THE session of Congress now in progress has before it a staggering array of problems. Farm relief, taxation, a $4,000,000,000 budget, the settlement of war claims, the problem of branch banking, control of radio, machinery for adjusting labor troubles in anthracite coal, an $80,000,000 River and Harbor bill, the controversy between supporters of the St. Lawrence canal and the "all-American" route through New York state, adjustment of war claims and return of alien property are but a few of the questions the legislators are, in theory, supposed to solve. Shall we ratify the Lausanne Treaty? Shall Arthur R. Gould, newly-elected from Maine to serve as Senator in this Congress, be seated? Shall the Senate repudiate its resolution of adherence to the World Court? Shall the government go into the business of distilling medicinal whiskey? What about reapportionment of Congress on the basis of the 1920 census, which under the law should have been done long ago? What about Muscle Shoals? Railroad consolidation? The disposition of the government-owned merchant marine?

IF you have tears to shed for the poor overworked law-makers, withhold them. Nothing is more certain than that this lame duck Congress will have left untouched most of the questions enumerated when it adjourns on March 4, 1927. The representatives of the farm states are determined to keep the McNary-Haugen bill in the spotlight during this session; and while they probably cannot get it enacted, they can prevent Congress from doing much else of importance—assuming that it wanted to, which it doesn't. Our readers are thoroughly familiar with the disadvantages of the present system, whereby a newly-elected Congress does not take office until more than a year later and men who have been repudiated by the voters continue to serve in Senate and House for three months. The proposed Norris amendment to the Constitution remedying this situation has passed the Senate and is now pending in the House, after which it will be referred to the states. In the meantime, it is futile to expect very much of the lame duck short session, and on the whole it is as well that this is true.

NEW YORK STATE has water power resources of vast extent. Those along the St. Lawrence River are alone capable of developing from 1,000,000 to 1,200,000 horsepower, plus a similar amount on the Canadian side, and there are numerous other streams with large potentialities. These water power resources are, as yet, comparatively undeveloped. The present policy of the state government looks toward public ownership and control, and in line with that policy, legislation was passed some time ago, under a state reorganization plan, abolishing the present State Water-Power Commission and its twin, the State Water-Control Commission, both Republican-managed, and substituting a new board responsible directly to the governor. The present commissions go out of existence on January 1, 1927. Suddenly, within three weeks of their demise, they have attempted to put over one of the most stupendous and impudent thefts of state property in New York's history. They propose at the last minute to lease the St. Lawrence power rights for fifty years to a corporation which is a subsidiary of Secretary Mellon's aluminum trust, and is closely linked with the General Electric Company and the E. I. duPont de Nemours Company. At the end of fifty years, the state would buy back the development at cost plus 15 percent, plus, according to the terms of the contract, a sum for watered valuation, which might be almost anything. The 15 percent clause would penalize the state by $40,000,000; and in the meantime the power trust would receive $20,000,000 a year on its investment of $240,000,000. As a matter of fact, at the end of fifty years the development will either be worth nothing, because of new methods of power production, or else it will be worth at least a billion dollars.

EVEN more scandalous, though in smaller figures, is the proposal made for giving away the rights on the Salmon River. These are worth about $3,000,000, and for them the people of the state would receive $720 a year. The joker making this possible was slipped into the state law by a former speaker of the Assembly, and it is hardly surprising that he now turns up as President of the company which stands to profit so enormously by his thoughtfulness. It may of course be argued that the politicians on the two Republican state boards are merely running true to form. Their behavior, while contemptible to the last degree, is no worse than is to be expected of men of their type. But they are after all members of the Republican party, and the outstanding leaders of that party are the ones who must bear the ultimate responsibility for this barefaced steal. If the swindle is to be stopped, it must be by men like Charles Evans Hughes and Elihu Root, who combine party loyalty with a sense of the limits of public decency. We wait with interest to hear what they have to say.

SHORTLY after the middle of November, daily newspapers throughout the country suddenly blossomed forth with articles charging that Mexico is "fomenting Bolshevism" in Nicaragua. These stories were under Washington date lines and revealed to any experienced reader their common

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origin. That sent out by the Associated Press, for example, began as follows:

> The spectre of a Mexican-fostered Bolshevist hegemony intervening between the United States and the Panama Canal has thrust itself into American-Mexican relations, already strained.

The article went on to describe, in vague terms, the alarm of the new Nicaraguan President, Adolfo Diaz, and of the United States, at the spread of "Mexican-inspired Bolshevism" in Nicaragua. The charges, however, failed to carry conviction. The New Republic in its next issue said "the accusation that Mexico is spreading Bolshevism sounds like a cheap attempt to prejudice Americans, who can still be roused by that word to a state of fury which has no relation to the facts." As it turns out, this description was wholly accurate. For a knowledge of the story behind the story we are indebted to Paul Y. Anderson, Washington correspondent energetic enough to find out the facts, and to his paper, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, brave enough to print them. Here is what happened, quoted and in part summarized from Mr. Anderson's account:

> Assistant Secretary of State R. E. Olds (formerly a law partner of Secretary of State Kellogg) sent for the representatives of the three great press associations —the Associated Press, United Press and International News Service. He pledged them to secrecy and then revealed that the State Department felt "morally certain" that Mexico was circulating Bolshevist propaganda in Central America. "We feel," he went on, "that this picture should be presented to the American people, and I desired to ask for your advice and coöperation toward that end."
>
> "It can very easily be done," one of the correspondents replied. "Let the State Department issue a statement to this effect over the signature of the Secretary of State, and every newspaper in the country will publish it."
>
> Olds recoiled with an exclamation of apprehension. "Oh! That is utterly impossible!" he said. "Surely you must realize why the department cannot afford to be in the position of directing such a serious statement against a government with which it is officially on friendly terms."
>
> Finally, it was suggested that perhaps such a story could be tied on to the statement that the State Department had decided to recognize the government of Adolfo Diaz in Nicaragua. In connection with that announcement the story appeared the following day, in somewhat modified form, as the background which explained the present relations between the United States and Mexico. The natural presumption that Olds acted with the knowledge and approval of Secretary Kellogg is strengthened by the fact that no repudiation of the story has since come from the department.

The seriousness of this action is heightened when you know that Mexico was at that time on the eve of sending her second and final note in the recent interchange regarding the land and oil laws—as Messrs. Kellogg and Olds were of course aware. The "news" about Mexican Bolshevist activities in Nicaragua was well calculated to arouse resentment among American citizens and thereby cause them to support Secretary Kellogg in his arrogant and unyielding attitude toward Mexico.

NOT the least serious aspect of the matter is the well justified belief that the incident is not so unusual as it appears, but is more in the nature of the ordinary routine. The heads of the Washington bureaus of the three news services in question were interviewed by Editor and Publisher Magazine. Carl D. Groat, of the United Press, states merely that his service did not carry the reports about "Bolshevism," as requested by Olds, but confined itself to the alleged gun-running activities in Nicaragua. George R. Holmes, of the International News Service, also contents himself with denying that "any spectre of a Mexican-fostered Bolshevist hegemony" was reported to the clients of the I. N. S. L. C. Probert, Washington manager for the Associated Press, says: "We got the story in the usual course of news and we had no reason to doubt its accuracy." The implication is plain, that Olds's use of the press varied from the normal chiefly because of its ineptness—and because, thanks to Mr. Anderson and the Post-Dispatch, he got found out. Here is surely matter for a Congressional investigation second in importance to none.

THREE striking events have developed in Chinese affairs during the past week. First, Chu Chao-hsin, representative of his government at the League of Nations, has announced that all unequal treaties will be terminated as fast as they expire. Second, Great Britain has definitely decided against any attempt to use force in China. The Yangtse-Kiang is not to be blockaded; nor will any attempt be made to halt the seizure of the customs by the Chinese in ports now controlled by the Canton government. The British authorities, with extraordinary candor, admit that they sought to persuade Japan and the United States to join in a military campaign; but both these powers refusing, they feel unable to take action alone. Third, there is a strong and growing tendency for foreign powers and individuals to treat with Canton as being the de facto government of China. The first and third of these actions were to be expected, in view of the movement of events, and must be welcomed by every friend both of justice and of peace. As for the second, we can only say that the policy of conciliation which it implies seems to us as wise as the attempt to use more force would have been unjust, unwise and monstrous. If the new policy of pacification had come far sooner, it might have been possible to avoid the present wave of anti-foreign feeling, which we discuss elsewhere in this issue, so far-reaching and so dangerous because of what it may at any moment produce.

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Mr. Coolidge as Usual

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S message to Congress is, of course, more of the same. His mind is a factory, which is equipped for the production of just one specific brand of ideas. They are intended for a market in which the fashions and and the needs never change. He is the consummate fundamentalist in politics who knows what men must believe and do in order to be saved, who can always summon providential assistance to confound his enemies and to justify both his faith and works. "What the country requires," he says, "is not so much new policies as a steady continuation of those which are already being crowned with such abundant success." This sentence would serve perfectly as an epitaph which, if placed on Mr. Coolidge's tombstone, would reveal to future generations the clue to his private and public life.

The Coolidge policy which is being crowned with such abundant success is summed up by himself in the single word "economy." His program of economy is the chief source of the existing prosperity of the American people. "Whatever doubts," he says, "may have been entertained as to the beneficial results of this policy, its wisdom must now be considered to be thoroughly demonstrated." "It does not have to be excused as a temporary expedient adopted as the lesser evil to remedy some abuse, it is not a palliative seeking to treat symptoms, but a major operation for the eradication at the source of a large number of social diseases." Thus the practice of doing nothing that you are not already doing and doing it cheap is from Mr. Coolidge's point of view the only really constructive policy for the American nation. It liberates the energies of our citizens by preventing the fruits of their labor from being wasted for alleged public purposes and by allowing them to save or to spend the proceeds on individual needs. That government is best which not only governs least, but which governs most according to routine and at the smallest expense.

Possibly some of our readers may object to this paraphrase as an injustice to Mr. Coolidge. Economy, they will say, is a fine word and a good thing. Democracies are nearly always extravagant, and Mr. Coolidge is performing a rare and a needed but far from popular public service in acting as the watch dog of the Treasury and in proclaiming the value of his service. Agreed. Economy is a pregnant word. It stands obviously for something both most desirable and most unusual in the conduct of government and of private affairs. Our objection to Mr. Coolidge is not that he preaches economy in the spending of money, but that he is even more addicted to economy in his political and social outlook. He marries economy to inertia and prophesies a continuous supply of individual liberation and national welfare as the fruits of the marriage. Economy is not, as Mr. Coolidge declares, a matter of the smallest possible public expenditure and the largest possible private expenditure. It is a matter of the conscientious and the expert adaptation of means to ends. A political leader has no right in the name of economy to limit the ends for which wealth, public or private, should be spent, except in so far as the wealth is limited in amount. Economy merely demands that the means—that is, the wealth, the knowledge and the labor—which the execution of a project requires should be sufficent to produce the end and no more than sufficient. The word, as Mr. Coolidge uses it, imposes a censorship on ends or projects. He regards them with suspicion if they cost a great deal, and if they depart from the main-traveled ways. Innovations carry with them the chance of an indefinite stretch of expense. Shrewd statesmen confine themselves to projects the outcome of which they can predict and whose cost they can confidently calculate. The practice of calculation as a mechanism of defense against risk and liberality is the motive which explains Coolidge economy.

It is the child, consequently, of a timorous, contracted and grudging vision of public welfare and of state policy. According to Mr. Coolidge, a nation should, of course, do good. He believes in benevolence as some politicians do not. But above all it ought to succeed in doing good. It cannot be sure of succeeding unless it refuses to embark on risky enterprises and unless it confines its journeys to the highways which its founders laid out to facilitate safe and convenient passage from one known place to another. The journey and all that may be experienced or discovered en route are of small importance compared to the arrival. The way to arrive quickly and safely is to pick a popular road to a definite and easily accessible goal.

Mr. Coolidge lives in a world which is thoroughly explored. It provides no excuse for surprises and no pretexts for adventures. It ignores all mysteries except those which are officially recognized and labeled. It is laid out in uniform, rectangular blocks which have all been meticulously surveyed and in which every important place and object is definitely located. Its inhabitants plume themselves on being spotlessly respectable. In order to certify their respectability, they cultivate the art of dressing their windows, of polishing the handles of their doors and of erecting façades which are impervious to the glare of publicity. Even the houses of ill-repute wear brown stone fronts of the most dreary propriety. Doubtless ragamuffins drift into this immaculate city from the wilderness without, and of course they build slums in which to live, but slums and ragamuffins and paupers are all accidents which will disappear provided they are let alone, and not otherwise. If the wayfarers do not arrive, it is their own fault. If the inhabitants of the houses do not dance happily to the tunes which are mechanically reproduced for their benefit, it is because they are rebellious fellows that have no music in their souls. The government exists chiefly in order to

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cultivate and enforce loyalty and conformity on the part of the people to the city plan. Its most obvious instrument is the police. But not its most trustworthy. The ultimate government is "spiritual." Good citizens live by moral platitudes which relieve them of the responsibility of fitting the action to the occasion. Either the occasion is fitted to the platitude or sometimes in emergencies a new and appropriate platitude is improvised.

Of course, this spotless town does not exist except in Mr. Coolidge's imagination and in those of a few kindly and calculating people like him, but it advertises well, it serves the interests of a great many people and it inspires ardent conviction. In Mr. Coolidge's eyes his city is a bright, comely and safe haven in a rough and stormy world—a veritable city of God. Men jeer at it, ignore it or abandon it at their peril. Inside it are safety, comfort, prosperity and self-satisfaction. But in the wide open spaces outside there are only lechery, treason, impiety, peril, improvidence, impoverishment, frustration and chaos.

It is extraordinarily hard to believe that any man who could be elected President of the United States would in this day and generation preach with conviction this early nineteenth century version of political fundamentalism. The existing world is not a place in which, except to a few blind or stubborn people, the traditional surveys and the main-traveled roads any longer look safe. The façades on the streets of the old cities are tumbling down and are obstructing traffic and endangering the lives of the wayfarers. Dogmas are crumbling. Principles obtain their reality only from dubious applications to particular circumstances. Precedents are ceasing to exercise authority. Religious sects are suddenly shivering in apprehension of their impotence and their approaching doom. Yet religion continues to be either sectarian or vague and unreal. Good men can no longer take refuge from the perplexities of the religious life by cultivating their own political gardens. Politics is the prey of terrible uncertainties, and politicians are both undertaking and shrinking away from the most hazardous experiments. The oldest empires in Europe have crashed to the ground. The oldest nations are terrified at the spectacle of an oncoming avalanche of responsibilities. The modern world is being rocked to its foundations. Its rulers are trying vainly to insure themselves against earthquakes which are bound to come some time soon and whose damage no actuary can estimate. Men are living from hand to mouth, wondering what will come next and praying for wisdom and fortitude. The only certainties in which they dare to believe are composed of the assumptions which they have to make and which seem to be worth making. But the news of these warnings and dangers is never allowed to pass the censorship which surrounds Mr. Coolidge's city. In that tidy and thrifty Utopia, the façades are all standing, business is proceeding imperturbably as usual and the platitudes preside benignly over the event. It is advertised as an infallible source of prosperity and happiness for the American people, and it is behaving as advertised. From one cause only can disturbance come. Let the American people disbelieve in the advertisement at their peril.

Can the Powers Keep their "Rights" in China?

IS any more evidence needed that what we call practical men are incompetent to deal with the practical affairs of a real world? Then read the news about China in the press last week.

Even the English papers, traditionally obscurantic in matters relating to the Far East, call the present crisis in China the gravest since the Boxer rebellion, which culminated, it will be remembered, in a war involving all the great powers, including the United States. The crisis is grave enough. The Southern Nationalist armies are sweeping up through the whole of China. One strategic centre after another is succumbing to them. Military opposition is crumbling away. The so-called Peking government has given up even the pretense of functioning. The conquest of the whole country by the Southern armies, including the ports where foreign interests are intrenched, seems inevitable.

Foreign lives and property are already in jeopardy. In Hankow barricades have been thrown up around the foreign concessions. In Fuchow the Chinese authorities have notified representatives of foreign governments they can no longer guarantee the safety of foreign residents there. Elsewhere small communities of missionaries and foreign business men are practically under siege. Encouraged by the Nationalist victories, the anti-foreign sentiment which has been gathering for so many years is now coming to a head. For the Nationalist party is avowedly anti-foreign, in the sense that it demands the abrogation of all the treaties which in effect make China a subject state. The Southern commander, Chiang Kai-shek, has formally declared that the first act of the new government when it assumes control will be the denunciation of all such treaties and the abolition of all the rights and special privileges under which foreign citizens have established their autonomous colonies in China. No international conferences; no diplomatic negotiations—China will act of its own volition and with the support of its own armies and the powers may do as they like. China the suppliant for foreign benevolence is no more.

This being the situation, how do the powers propose to meet it? By ignoring its existence. They choose just this time to make public the report of the international commission which has been "investigating" the problem of extra-territoriality for three years. Now, extra-territoriality, the right under which foreigners reside in China answerable

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to no Chinese law and without even paying taxes, is to the Chinese the symbol of their subjection. The abolition of extra-territoriality is one of the effective rallying cries of the Nationalists and the first object even of those who are not Nationalists. And if the Nationalists get into power, they may be expected to abolish extra-territoriality forthwith, in fact if not by formal pronouncement.

And what is the proposal of the international commission which has been deliberating on the issue of extra-territoriality? That China "set its house in order"; set up a stable and efficient government, draft modernized codes of law, establish machinery for the administration of justice, etc., etc. After all those conditions have been met, which means a generation or two, the commission recommends that the powers give sympathetic consideration to China's desire that extra-territoriality be abolished —the powers even then having the exclusive right to judge whether the conditions have been met. In other words, it is as if the last five years had not been, as if there were no Nationalist armies, as if the foreign communities were not already having their privileges shorn away by force majeure and now barricading themselves for protection, as if China were still a suppliant and the foreign powers alone had the right of decision. The international commission, having deliberated solemnly in a vacuum, produces solemnly conclusions which have no relation to anything that exists. At the very moment that China is backing up specific and categorical demands with the most impressive showing of force, a commission representing twelve governments treats it to an abstract lecture on good government. And this presumably is the answer of the powers to China. Could any but statesmen, diplomats and "men of affairs" be so completely oblivious of facts, so unpractical, so dull of perception? Could any similar group of rustics or little children or "idealists" be equally unaware that the question now is no longer whether the Chinese are "fit" to govern foreigners living on their soil, but whether foreign nations can do anything to prevent them?

There is only one question which the powers must face now with respect to China. It may be that foreigners will be able to continue residing and doing business in China without the protection of extra-territoriality, and it may be that they will not. The time has passed when it was of any use debating that question. The fact is they are going to have to unless their governments intervene with force to maintain the right of extra-territoriality. And whether or not the foreign governments shall or shall not intervene with force in China to preserve the right of extra-territoriality for foreigners also can no longer be debated. The fact is they will not. They cannot. There is not a single western government that dares propose to its people the raising of a military expedition and the appropriation of millions for a long occupation of half a continent. The more truculent Anglo-Indian elements in England have been making the usual fire-eating appeals, but already months ago, when English officers were killed by Chinese troops at Wanhsien, the British government clearly showed that it had no intention of making an issue of the incident. Twenty-five years ago a similar incident would have meant occupation of half a dozen Chinese ports, a huge indemnity, the resignation of Chinese cabinet ministers and a few railway and mining concessions. After the Wanhsien incident the British were content with bombarding an undefended town and killing a few thousand Chinese. There will be no intervention in China. No effective force will be used against China. The western nations have not the power now to bring effective force to bear against China.

The gunboat policy is no more. Gunboats are no longer destructive enough. Eastern peoples, the Chinese especially, can no longer be cowed by symbols. The relations between occidental countries and China which have held for a hundred years are now about to be liquidated. The sooner we accept the accomplished fact, the better. Stupid demonstrations like the publication of the report of the commission on extra-territoriality, obscurantic stupidities like the report itself, can only have the effect of exacerbating hostilities already aroused. They serve only to goad the Chinese to anti-foreign resentments which may take the form of direct, mass attacks on foreign communities, which despite a few foreign gunboats off the coast are essentially helpless. Therein lies the greatest danger of the moment. A few shots fired by a few hotheads in some foreign concession may precipitate another Boxer massacre. And then we shall be forced into intervention in spite of ourselves—for "national honor and civilization and the security of human life" (of white men). Whether regrettable or not and however much it may cost them in the temporary wiping out of foreign financial interests the western powers must recognize the accomplished fact. The Chinese are winning, as the Turks won three years ago. We may as well accept the victory with good grace and with as little material loss as possible.

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Jim Reed

> If God Almighty himself asked me to surrender in this fight for my friend, I would not do it. I think I know you well enough to know that in the fight you had for your ideals and your friends at Princeton you would not have surrendered to anybody. I am fighting now for the reputation and the character of my friend and you ought not to ask me to surrender him to his executioners.

THESE are words, as Joseph P. Tumulty reports them in his book, Woodrow Wilson As I Knew Him, which Jim Reed addressed to President Wilson. And Mr. Tumulty is a reporter with a keen sense of character. A job was in dispute, the postmastership of St. Louis. In politics Jim Reed is as practical as Tammany Hall itself. His allies are Tom Pendergast and Joe Shannon of the Kansas City machine. Making enemies as recklessly as he does, he has only kept himself in public life by his invincible spirit and by his use of lieutenants who are adept in the devious art of producing majorities. His candidate for postmaster was one of these lieutenants.

Postmaster General Burleson had revolted at the suggested appointment and Jim Reed had come to the White House to make it clear that the attack upon his candidate was an attack upon himself. Senator Stone, Gumshoe Bill, was present to interpret the idealist to the realist and the realist to the idealist, saying to each of the other with propitiatory suavity, "He is a damned good fellow."

Mr. Wilson had made it known that he could not relax his standards, but had offered to appoint without question anyone else Reed might name. He had followed Reed and Gumshoe Stone to the door of the outer office, where sat Joe Tumulty with his ear cocked for the stern words of righteousness. Wilson repeated his offer to appoint anyone else Reed might name. And Reed declared that even God Almighty could not move him to substitute anyone else for the man who, according to the rules of practical politics, had earned his support. It was a tense moment. Reed asks nothing of life but tense moments and dramatic ones.

The story goes on, "As Reed concluded his eloquent speech in behalf of his friend, quickly the President reached out his hand to him and said, 'Senator, don't surrender your friend; stick by him to the end and I will appoint him.' " Of course he must have said "shall," not "will." We must have these two protagonists of the eternal clash in human affairs in perfect character.

The incident is quintessential Reed. Mr. Wilson represented the point of view to which Jim Reed has been saying all his life that if God Almighty himself asked him he would never surrender. He has said it in a hundred ways, gaily, angrily, caustically, bitterly, eloquently, truculently, humorously, savagely, sometimes in the fine words that please the hard-minded cynics, sometimes with the tricks and artifices that catch the ear of the populace. And the Jim Reed that is in all of us never does surrender, not while the world, the flesh and the devil maintain their old Triple Entente.

And Jim Reed is the kind of man who would bring "God Almighty" and "surrender" into an argument over a post office. Like Price's Left Wing, equally famed in Missouri, he "dies but never surrenders." Politics at its most perfect is the fine art of surrender. Jim Reed has made it, for himself, the art of dramatizing no surrender. He appeals to the hero which each of us must needs imagine is within himself.

And, to continue the moral of the incident, President Wilson yielded, in the end, to some quality in Jim Reed, his dramatic bravado, or deeper still, perhaps, his maleness. He is the malest man in our public life since the late Penrose went his Rabelaisian way off the stage, but more various, more articulate, more dramatic than Penrose. And in the end we all pay our tribute to the maleness of Reed, at least the tribute of a certain admiration. He is in the fashion today, for Heaven is not so near Washington as it was in 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1919, nor is God so surely in his sky. But in the height of his vogue he is bored with the Senate and with public life. God Almighty perhaps now makes too few unreasonable requests of him. He drowses on the sofas of the cloakroom, to make an occasional dramatic entrance when "sloppy sentimentality, or hypocritical bunk, or feministic flapdoodle" lift their scarified heads—as when he dashed upon the floor from a barber's chair, one-half his face covered with lather, to rout the "old maids," the "snooping spinsters," and their maternity bill. To Jim Reed, as someone said of Balzac, an unmarried woman of advanced marriageable age is "an obscene spectacle." A male view! Perhaps he is the last of the males that will ever be in our public life, and that is why we regard his going with poignant regret.

I suppose what shaped Jim Reed was starting life on his own in Iowa, the home of many "ideas," then just burgeoning, now efflorescent in Brookhart. For unlike the never-surrendering Price's Left Wing, he is not a Missourian except by perfect choice. Of Pennsylvania stock, cousin to the other Senator Reed, Dave Reed of Pennsylvania, he was born in Ohio, where the mushy young Hardings must have turned his adolescent stomach; and as a young man he began the practice of law and politics in Iowa, where as a Democrat he must have collided rudely with rusticity taking itself seriously

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as the leaven of the American political lump, for he is the least rustic man in our political life. Moving disgustedly to Kansas City, he could look out of his law office window upon that other rustic political paradise, Kansas, where Carrie Nation was smashing bottles, sockless Jerry Simpson was smashing economics and Bill White, just out of his teens, was beginning to carol his long optimistic lay.

His encounters with earnest rusticity in his new home were not merely visual, for he was soon beaten for the governorship of Missouri by Joe Folk, whom the pop-eyed idolatry of the rustic age in politics briefly regarded as a possible President of these United States.

His cynical spirit never surrendered. He never sought an easy popularity in the days of Hughes of the long square preacher's beard, of Beveridge, of Stubbs and the seven little governors, of the Seven Sutherland Sisters of legislation in New Jersey. He saw the rise of rusticity, the winning of the East politically by the West, by despised Iowa, in the backwave of frontier optimism, and saw its decline from its tolerant generosity when it was an example to all men, to its intolerant ungenerosity when it became a policeman in the Anti-Saloon League, fundamentalism and the Ku Klux Klan. When it paraded before us, its banners flying in the air, singing its Onward Christian Soldiers, Reed laughed at it cynically and his laughter was hard to bear. When it took to compulsion and "snooping" into our private lives and thoughts, he fought it bitterly, choosing any weapon that came, for, to him, the end justifies any means. And we have come often to applaud him while deploring his immoderacy, for he terribly lacks restraint. He is the most intolerant foe intolerance has ever known. Often he makes us cry out "a plague on both your intolerancies."

He was born a hard head in an age of soft heads. His hardheadedness was something he could not surrender. He rests his case upon the stubborn facts of human nature, too stubborn to be changed by acts of Congress. Let the world grow better if it will, but the burden of proof rests upon anyone who would make it better. The presumption is always in favor of the individual and his freedom. There may be abuses springing from this freedom, but look out for the abuses that may spring from abridging it, as prohibition, which stops some drinking, but brings the bootlegger in its train. Believing in individual freedom, he is a ruthless prosecutor of those who misuse this freedom. He says in Who's Who that as public prosecutor in Kansas City he secured 285 convictions in the 287 cases that he tried. After a conviction he would jump on his big horse and ride furiously until he had worn off his vengeful passion.

And Reed likes the unstandardized, unregenerate man, the amoosin' cuss of American tradition, the drinking, swearing, amorous, sharp-practicing male. He liked old Penrose, the saltiest personality in the Senate of this generation. In their clashes on the floor, Penrose had this advantage; his cynicism was deeper and truer. He was incapable of passion. Reed is an unbeliever with the passion of a believer. He is a satirist, a moralist. The cynic in Reed bowed to the truer cynic in Penrose, who never roared but only emitted great chuckles from his belly.

The satirist, the moralist in Reed always demanded great causes on which to exercise its passion. He has about him the energy, gusto, sincerity and courage of a great nature. Being an actor he always dramatized every struggle in which he engaged, from one over a St. Louis postmastership to one over the League of Nations, into a crisis in history. One point of art he has never understood, and that is the effectiveness of restraint. So his energy often seemed to lack proportion; in his gusto you often could not share; his sincerity often protested too much; and his courage could not always be distinguished from bravado.

Thus, over-acting his part, he has used unfair arguments, disregarded facts, resorted to the ad hominem attack—and in no one's hands has it been more dreaded than in his—played to the gallery, employed cheap theatricality, talked endlessly against time, stirred prejudices, roused the baser instincts—done everything that you ask greatness to refrain from doing.

What he might have been in a different period, with no press gallery to listen to him, in a body where men addressed each other's intelligences and not the emotions and prejudices of the outside world is idle speculation.

In part his recknessness has been due to his supreme belief in himself, his confidence that he can get away with anything.

He is indeed able and resourceful, certainly the most resourceful man in the Senate. And he knows it only too well. He fears nobody on the floor and he has respected few. The best debaters in the Senate have shrunk from challenging him. Someone said to a Senator recently, "If one could stage a debate between Reed and Borah, the gate would be a million dollars." "Yes," replied the Senator, "and it would cost you more than a million dollars to get Borah into it."

Conscious of his power over the Senate, Reed is contemptuous of its members. He does not address it as he would address the Supreme Court of the United States. He addresses it as he would a petty jury, and he is a great lawyer.

And so great is his prestige and so sharp is his satire, so freqently does he cover his critics with confusion, that the Senate is slow to challenge anything he says. A few years ago, opposing the Four Power Pact, he said, "People say this ends the Anglo-Japanese alliance. I do not find it in the pact. I do not find it nominated in the bond." He was mistaken. But other Senators almost had to

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read the pact over again before they ventured to correct him.

In his last and most difficult campaign for the Senate four years ago he started out defeated and ended a victor. He had fought the League of Nations, and Mr. Wilson's friends, who had excluded him as a delegate from the Democratic National Convention, were determined upon his political destruction. He had, moreover, arrayed the women voters against him by opposing woman suffrage, prohibition, the child labor amendment and the maternity bill. There seemed to be not one chance in ten of his election. And this campaign revealed Reed at his best—and also at his worst. The odds against him spurred him to make the fight of his life. He was already indifferent to a further career in the Senate, but though he might retire from it no one should be permitted to say that he could not go back to the Senate. His self-respect prevented him from retracting or apologizing for any of his much criticized votes in the Senate.

He met his opponents in this fashion. Mr. Wilson was a great man who had rendered distinguished services to his country, but Mr. Wilson was wrong about the League of Nations. He remained opposed to woman suffrage, but his speeches would conclude alternately, one with an eloquent peroration about womanhood, and the next with an eloquent peroration about motherhood.

And in the last days of the campaign there was the master trickster playing upon human emotions and prejudices. A letter was circulated to 200,000 women of the state signed A Farmer's Wife. The Farmer's Wife was the mother of four children and would soon give birth to a fifth. She wanted no government agents intruding upon her in "the sacred hour of her agony."

There you have Reed in the round—courageous, unbending before the storm, true to his faith, and the showman delighting in his bag of tricks.

An incident of the League of Nations struggle reveals the basic sincerity of the man. When the covenant lay before the Senate, Reed called in a friend and said, "I am going to take a step that will end my political career. I am going to oppose Wilson on the League of Nations." He foresaw when he joined the opposition the danger to his own political future in Missouri. What he could not foresee was the defeat of the Versailles Treaty, the decay of Wilson's authority, and the reaction of this country toward its historic policy of standing by itself in world affairs which lessened the risks that he ran.

It is easy to impute personal motives to Reed. Talking down as he always does to the Senate and to the populace, he indulges in personalities to be effective. What he aims at is to make his opponent's policy appear mean and ridiculous by making the man himself seem mean and ridiculous. You easily mistake his methods for his purposes.

The most savage, the most unfair and the most persistent onslaught that Reed ever made upon a man he made upon Herbert Hoover. It seemed unexplainable, and seeming unexplainable, irrational, perverse, hateful it wrought more damage to Reed's reputation than anything else he ever did. When it began Reed could hardly have known Hoover. It is impossible to see how any personal antipathy could have lodged in his mind against the food administration.

I suspect that Hoover was at that time nothing more than a symbol, a vast bubble of reputation inflated by the lying and hysteria of the War. Reed must have been bursting with the restraints to free speech which the War imposed upon him, full of impotent fury at the shams, falsehoods and hypocrisies of that period of regimented enthusiasms. And Hoover, the Republican superman, was a convenient object on which to loose his contempt.

A man with a narrow philosophy consistently held over a long life of public service must often have been wrong. But Reed has never been wrong from cowardice, from stupidity, from truckling to bosses or to organized wealth, from greed, or from selfishness. Sometimes his egotism has led him astray. Sometimes he has overplayed his rôle. His position has generally been with the minority and he has fought like a man in a corner, like a varmint, asking and giving no quarter. But to strike a balance it must be recorded that often he has been right.

When it seemed in 1922 that he might not be able to come back to the Senate, Mr. Borah wrote a letter urging Missouri to reëlect him. The same considerations which impelled this unusual act on the part of a Republican moves observers of Washington to regret his present decision to leave the Senate. We incline to overlook his faults. There is no one to take his place as the great deflator of a ballooning government. No one else is so eloquent, so courageous, so consistent, so sincere a spokesman for the individual against the state.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Alliance

The moon malingers near these starting lights,
The whetted lights that gleam like a shark's teeth.
But with an ocean's belly underneath
And indigo-green tides on lilac nights,
In fawning waters by quick-silvered shoals,
She is the sea's accessory; at play—
Along wind-raided islands she patrols—
With fingers they let go a little way. . . .

Rock-lands, balancing precariously
Trees that hold on by their desperate roots,
And battered reefs where no green thing disputes
The slow, sure, salt corrosion of the sea:
These are the places where the moon delights
To lead the blank procession of her nights.

Lola Ridge.

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The Marlborough Divorce

BISHOP MANNING is among the Anglican bishops, both in America and abroad, who have made their voices heard in the Marlborough divorce case. It seems as though the Anglican Church, so long ridiculed by the Roman Catholics because it was founded as a result of the divorce scandal of Henry the Eighth and because it so often tries to be all things to all men, at last has a chance to make capital at the expense of Rome. The opportunity must not be missed. The stability of marriage has long been threatened by the godless world, and now that an attack on its sanctity has come from that great ecclesiastical organization which ought to be the bulwark of a permanent matrimony, the Anglican Church alone is left to fight the world, the flesh and the devil. No longer can men point the finger of scorn at the Episcopalians and their claim to have a purer Catholicism than Rome has; that Anglicanism is purer is evident. Anglicanism would under no circumstances grant the right to the members of the first Marlborough match to remarry. It was an Anglican Bishop of Oxford who refused to allow the Duke to participate in a church conference because the Duke had been divorced and had remarried.

The Bishop of New York demonstrated his thorough-going Catholicism in the case of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the mother of Consuelo Vanderbilt. The papers rang with the story last spring when Mrs. Belmont made public a letter she had addressed to the Bishop wherein she refused to contribute to the Cathedral building fund because the Bishop had objected to her name's appearing on the board of trustees of an institution she had herself given to the diocese of New York. No answer came from the Bishop, nor did he recede from his stand that a divorced and remarried woman was not to occupy an official position upon any diocesan organization.

Rome has demonstrated that it is a legalistic system. A marriage has been set aside on the ground that previous consent was lacking in the case of one of the mates. If the evidence given in the diocesan court was true it is likely a civil court would set aside the marriage, for the civil contract depends for its validity on the free consent of the parties. But this does not help the position of Rome. Two people who lived together as man and wife and who had children have been allowed to separate and remarry and there's an end on't.

As a matter of plain common sense has Rome come off so badly? Is it true that she has been led into error by the temptation of getting a duke into the Catholic Church? That her ecclesiastical judges may be influenced in any given decision by their sympathies stands to reason. We in the United States expect our Supreme Court to hand down decisions in keeping with the characters and prejudices of the court make-up. How otherwise could the radicals groan at the appointment of a Pierce Butler, or the conservatives do likewise whenever they think of Mr. Brandeis? To assert that the Roman judges were so influenced in the Marlborough affair is to assert that those judges are human. The same might have been charged against the episcopal court that tried Bishop Brown. There can be little ultimate gain for the Anglicans in making such a charge against Rome, as it may turn out to be a boomerang at any time. Besides it cannot be proved.

But assuming, as Catholicism does, that a marriage, once validly performed and consummated, is indissoluble so long as both parties remain alive, it might seem of some importance that the marriage should be valid first of all. For instance, if the Vanderbilt marriage had never been consummated would Bishop Manning still maintain that it was valid? Undoubtedly he would say there had never been a marriage and consequently no divorce was possible. The decree of nullity simply would mean that there had never been a marriage. Or, supposing two people have lived together for a number of years, married by the law of the state, but it is found by Bishop Manning that the wife had long before been divorced from a first husband who was still living. Would Bishop Manning say that the second marriage, legal though it was in the eyes of the state, happy though it might be, fruitful of children and all the rest, was a valid Christian marriage? Undoubtedly the Bishop would say that the first marriage constituted an impediment preventing a second valid union so long as the husband to the first marriage remained alive.

If the Bishop decided, as he must, in the above two cases that the alleged marriage was not a marriage at all, he would be resorting to legalism. Such cases must arise within the ken of the Episcopalian clergy and they must use some sort of legal reasoning for determining the status of the parties. In principle, then, the Episcopal Bishop would be doing exactly what the diocesan court of Southwark did when it took the evidence in the Marlborough case and what the Rota did when it ratified the diocesan decision.

As a matter of detail it may be that the Roman rules of procedure and evidence, and the elements constituting a valid marriage differ from the Anglican. Thus, the Anglican laws, if there are any, may not demand the consent of the parties to a valid marriage. If they do not, then it seems that they differ somewhat from the Common Law. So long as the Anglicans admit in principle that an alleged marriage may not really be a Christian marriage at all, and that there are sometimes occasions

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for investigating the circumstances with a view to arriving at a decision, just so long have the Anglicans nothing to throw up against Rome in this matter except an unprovable and decidedly uncharitable charge of downright fraud.

As for the Anglican bluff that it is now the sole upholder of the indissolubility of marriage, a slight knowledge of the working of the Episcopalian system would brush it away in a twinkle of an eye. The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America allows something that no other "historic branch of the Church Catholic" allows, namely a frank and outright divorce with permission to remarry for any reason whatsoever. It happens that the rule in America is that the innocent party to an adultery case may so remarry, although no scrupulous priest is obliged to perform the ceremony. That multitudes are divorced in this land under cooked-up evidence of adultery is a matter of common knowledge, as is also the case in England. The so-called innocent party in such a trumped-up case can take the divorce decree to the ordinary of the diocese and obtain permission to remarry, and although there are some rectors who refuse to solemnize such marriages, the "innocent party" will have no difficulty in finding one that will. Plenty of such remarried people are today communicants in good standing in the Protestant Episcopal Church. No one thinks of accusing that Church of playing favorites, of fraud, of pharisaic legalism, because of the fact. But the Anglicans in America at least do recognize one kind of divorce and in so doing depart from the custom of the historic Christian religion. When they have cleaned up that smudge on their doorstep then perhaps they can come into court with clean hands when they wish to make capital at the expense of Rome.

But there is a still more flagrant way in which Anglicans at least connive at recognizing divorce of all kinds. There is nothing in the Canon laws of the Episcopal Church permitting a minister to deprive of the Holy Communion any Anglican who may have been divorced and remarried. An evil liver may be repelled from the Holy Table, but it is doubtful if any bishop would support a rector who insisted on repelling people who had been divorced without scandal and who were recognized by the community as decent-living people. At any rate, whatever abstract right the minister may be said to have, the actual practice in the Episcopal Church permits literally thousands to communicate at its altars who have been divorced and remarried in no such way as the Canons contemplate. Even in the most extreme high churches it is rare that there are not found at least a few communicants who have been so remarried. In the ordinary Episcopal churches of the low and liberal variety the rectors usually ask no questions of such persons, but leave them to their own consciences. I know personally a few rectors who do not hesitate to break the Canons deliberately and perform the forbidden ceremonies. I know that a large proportion of Episcopalian clergy frankly do not believe that divorce is in itself a violation of the spirit of the teachings of Christ, and govern themselves accordingly. It is the contention of such men that the Church ought to preach against divorce in principle lest people run too easily into it, but that in practice each case ought to be decided on its merits and the benefit of the doubt given to a communicant who is still religious enough to want to receive the communion.

No matter what may be the official teaching of the Anglican Church in this matter the practice of the Church is well known to the bishops and other clergy. In such a case can any one bishop or group of bishops throw mud at Rome in the present instance?

To those who are neither Catholics nor Episcopalians the whole controversy may well sound like the pot calling the kettle black. For weal or woe the majority of the educated men and women of today have gone beyond the stage where any hard and fast a priori rule can be laid down about the permanence of any given marriage. To them the positions of the Romans and the Anglicans are those of Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

PRESBYTER EXCOMMUNICATUS.

Washington Notes

THE closer we get to this final session of the Sixty-ninth Congress the clearer it becomes that nothing will be done—absolutely nothing. All last week the President, advised, aided, counseled, consoled and encouraged by various and sundry more or less able and astute persons of more or less distinction in politics, law, finance and trade, was heaving and straining over his message.

It grieves me to report that the Presidential temper has not been wholly free from fretfulness. Once or twice in fact the Presidential Spokesman has been curt, not to say peremptory, with the worshipful Stearns, and it was upon the whole a wearing week for the brave boys of the Secret Service assigned to the care and protection of the Executive person. There has been just such another access of petulancy and tendency to querulousness as was so marked in that week preceding the opening of Congress last year. Those whose privileged position within the inner circle enables them to know the facts tell me that this preparation of Congressional messages has now become the most irksome burden the President has to bear.

Mr. Coolidge has, it is said by men who ought to know, developed more than a little sensitiveness concerning the disregard of his recommendations by Congress and is experiencing this time considerable difficulty in recommending again some ten or twelve matters deliberately ignored at the last session, without revealing in a humiliating way his extraordinary record of non-accomplishment. Some months ago I enumerated these recommendations so enthusiastically and almost unanimously rejected by Congress. It is necessary to renew the recommendations this time and if one may judge by the temper and tone of the Republican

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Senators and Representatives who have been drifting in here in the last week or so, their rejection will be even more emphatic and enthusiastic at this session. As I pointed out a fortnight ago his suggestion for tax refund was rejected by Congress actually before Congress had met which, when you come to think of it, is a rather remarkable thing. Among those whom Mr. Coolidge has consulted concerning the current message, I am credibly informed, besides Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon, are Mr. Hughes, Mr. Morrow, Mr. Butler and Charles B. Warren, the well known Beet Sugar King, whose rejection by the Senate when Mr. Coolidge desired to have him confirmed for the position of Attorney General came after a dramatic and interesting battle.

The literary labor of the message, the heavy hack work, was done this time it is understood by Stewart Crawford, the successor of Judson C. Welliver who until snatched away by the oil interests last year had been the literary aide of Mr. Harding and after his death of Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Crawford is an exceedingly capable and discreet person, not quite up to the Welliver mark in some respects but fully up to that mark—if not well beyond it—in others. It will be interesting to contrast the workmanship of this message with the workmanship of the last. Mr. Coolidge needs a lot less literary help on things of this sort than did his predecessor, but every President needs some. The actual physical labor of getting these long documents into shape, of boiling down, checking up and winnowing out is extremely heavy and I do not know that Presidential fretfulness is much to be wondered at during this period. The fact that he has the help of his literary aide and advises with and consults with friends in and out of the inner circle should make no one think that Mr. Coolidge's messages are not his own. If there were no other proof their complete inanity and the extent to which they are saturated with meaningless platitudes are certainly enough to convince of that. No one else could so solemnly advocate the obvious.

Aside from the contents and character of the Coolidge messages it is certainly interesting—at least it is to me —that Mr. Warren should continue to be one of the Coolidge advisers. No one has ever explained wholly to my satisfaction either the insistence of Mr. Coolidge upon this man for a place in his Cabinet or their subsequent intimacy which has continued since the day he was named. Every few weeks or so Mr. Warren comes East, visits Washington and is made at home in the White House. He never goes to a hotel. White House automobiles meet him at the Union Station and he with his bags is whisked up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. When he is ready to return home the White House automobile conveys him back to the station. Once in a while his presence as a White House guest gets into the newspapers. Most of the time there is no mention of it.

I have always understood that it was Mr. Hughes who first urged upon Mr. Coolidge the Warren appointment and it was certainly Mr. Hughes who took him to the White House for his interview with the President before the announcement was made. Since then no one has had to promote Mr. Warren at the White House. He makes his own way. With just about three exceptions there is no one in whom the President places more confidence. Those who know best about these things are convinced that if Mr. Coolidge gets the chance he will send Mr. Warren's name to the Senate again for a Cabinet post. Probably he could have him confirmed for any other position save that of Attorney General. The trouble is that Mr. Warren does not want and would not accept—so his friends say—any other except that of Secretary of State. As to that the idea that Mr. Kellogg because of age and health and other reasons would resign after a year or so of service in order to let Mr. Warren have his chance seems to have been wholly unfounded. He seems to have about as much idea of resigning as the Secretary of the Treasury, which is to say none at all.

When I said that nothing would be done at this session of Congress I did not mean that there would be no worthwhile fights. There will for instance be a real struggle, between those who want to reduce taxes and those anxious to help the farmers, over the disposition of the $300,000,000 surplus—or whatever it may be. In the end neither tax legislation nor farm legislation will be passed and cute old Uncle Andy Mellon will be allowed to do with the surplus what he at heart wants to do—namely, apply it to the further reduction of the national debt. It must be admitted that the reasons for thus utilizing the surplus seem considerably sounder than those advanced for any of the other propositions. Also there will be an interesting test of strength over one or two of the Coolidge appointments and not all of these are likely to go through.

Probably the hottest fight will be over the confirmation of Mr. Glassie to the Tariff Board. The President reappointed Mr. Glassie as a Democrat against the strong protest of the leading Democratic Senators, chief among whom is Senator Robinson of Arkansas. I am told however that Mr. Glassie's reappointment found favor in the eyes of William M. Butler who likes Mr. Glassie's tariff views so well that he almost forgives him for being a Democrat. It has been expected that Senator Robinson would lead the fight against the confirmation of Glassie and the prediction has been made that he would not be confirmed. However, a report that probably does Senator Robinson and the President both an injustice has been current for some time. It is to the general effect that if the President appoints to the Federal Trade Commission in place of Huston Thompson, whose term has expired, the right Democrat from Senator Robinson's state, the opposition of Senator Robinson to Mr. Glassie might not be quite so implacable. However, as before stated no one really believes that the President would use his appointing power in such a way as that or that if he did, such considerations would affect the attitude of Senator Robinson. It is, however, true that one of Senator Robinson's Arkansas friends is being strongly urged for the Thompson place. It is also true the anti-Glassie Democrats in the Senate are watching that appointment with a good deal of interest —and whispering about it. People do say such absurd things.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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London and Maine

The Constant Wife, by Somerset Maugham. Maxine Elliott Theatre, November 29, 1926.

Ned McCobb's Daughter, by Sidney Howard. John Golden's Theatre, November 29, 1926.

COMEDY of manners in order to be of any serious value must move in a complete lustre of high spirits and wit, a pervading idea that is spirited and bright with common sense and witty point, otherwise it sinks to what at best is mere epigram, smart sayings popping out of situations contrived toward their support. Mr. Somerset Maugham's Constant Wife has not even that; half a dozen really first-rate lines would be about all that we could set down to its credit and hardly that many, the rest is on a level with our familiar Broadway wise-cracks when it is good and quite below them when it is poor. When a woman is forty she either—every husband believes that—marriage is an arrangement by which—this sort of thing has the air of smartness and epigram, but in this comedy at least manages to rise only to witty pretension; the impression is one of punching, flatness and an obvious effort of polish and urbanity. As for an enveloping atmosphere of wit and gaiety of spirit there is little; The Constant Wife is without shine and without wings.

The story of the play involves a wife, Constance, whose husband, a surgeon, is having a flirtation with another woman. Her family all know of this and so does she, and the first scenes are taken up with the struggle of her keeping them from bringing the matter into the open. A lover of fifteen years before returns from Japan. He still loves Constance, but promises not to speak of the matter, if he may be allowed the pleasure of her company during this year's leave from the East. The husband's blundering lets his mistress's husband find out her affair. Constance comes to the rescue and saves the situation; the relation between her and her husband settles, through her good sense, into its proper status, friendly affection without being in love. She goes into the decorating business in order to earn her own money, for she does not wish to live on the bounty of one man when she intends to give herself to another. At the end of a year she has enough money to pay for her keep, and plans to set out for a six weeks' trip with the lover from Japan and to say good-bye to him in Naples when he sails for another seven years' absence. The argument is unmanageable, or she makes it so—if her husband can take another lover, why cannot she?—and he is obliged to agree to that and to beg her to return, when Naples is over and done with, to his roof.

With such a point of view we are of course by now all familiar. It is the single standard about which we have heard so much. But the idea is not so firmly grounded as yet, it is not yet so taken for granted, not yet so much a part of our social scheme as to be a secure background against which a comedy of manners can be established. It could therefore be saved only by either brilliancy and a glittering flight or a serious attack. The Constant Wife stumbles around between these two poles. It intends to be humorous and it involves a troubled consideration.

The play, however, is more or less entertaining for the average New York audience, partly because it flatters them with the idea that they are taking part in something brilliant and out of a smart world, and partly because it allows them the exercise of their natural middle-class seriousness and lets them take the bourgeois middle course that relieves them of both the strain of wit and the depth of tragedy.

The company, which includes Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, Mr. C. Audrey Smith and Mr. Frank Conroy, play fairly well, there is still something to be desired by way of give and take, vibrancy and general ensemble. Mr. Smith gives the best performance of the evening. Miss Ethel Barrymore brings to the play her talent for comedy, her personal splendor and magnetism. Her playing is not up to what she has done before in the comedies that she has essayed. In The Constant Wife the rôle is a fat one for the star; her method, unfortunately, drops to a mere punching and putting it over that suits a mediocre audience, but is not worthy of her.

Bootleg and Character

Mr. Sidney Howard's plot is at bottom a melodrama, more or less of the traditional brand. In it a Maine woman, a sea-captain's daughter, married to a worthless Mick from Boston, survives her husband's rascality and disgrace and the machinations of his bootlegging brother, and by her wits, her doggedness, her endurance, deep natural goodness and eye for money, manages to come out successfully and to make a chance for her children in life. As a story it is perhaps a trifle over-long, but is in the main well contrived, well ordered and ingeniously suspended. The writing is unequal, but better sustained than that of They Knew What They Wanted, Mr. Howard's success of two seasons ago. It is, for example, rather heavy and too little searched out in the scene where Carrie talks of her husband's weakness, his faithfulness to her and so on; it is very admirable indeed in the scene where the husband and the bootlegger are trying to hurry her into an agreement by which her place can be used as headquarters for the liquor business. As a story, then, Ned McCobb's Daughter does not suggest any inner compulsion or necessity for its coming into being. It is a story that suggests theatrical contrivance and facility rather than any urgency within the dramatist's nature.

The point at which Mr. Howard's play does suggest, however, a necessary urge and creation, lies in the characters. The husband and some of the other persons in the play are pretty heavily outlined, made very secure theatre before they are done with, but their central quality is sound and clear. The portraits of Carrie and the bootlegger are remarkable. The godlessness, honest rascally brains, inventiveness and slipshod brutality and directness of this man are finely established, and at the hands of Mr. Alfred Lunt enjoy an interpretation that is full of wit, expertness and saucy humor. The picture of this Maine woman has the right excess of accent to bring it into stage terms; but as portraiture it is at the same time full of tenderness and warmth and of a kind of barren distinction that lingers unforgettably in the mind. Mr. Howard has built up very well indeed that strange thwarting

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of natural passions combined with a tenacious hold on the essentials of our daily life that this sort of New England character exhibits. He has created in her the characteristic moral exercise and confusion and the drab and awkward glow of her twisted reactions. He sums her up, or sums her life up, in a remarkable line in which she says that about many things you have feelings, but the only thing you think about is money.

The author is fortunate in having Miss Clare Eames to play the part of Carrie. Numerous other actresses might have portrayed the awkwardness, the quaintness, the homely pith of this Maine woman, and some might have brought her into a closer realistic resemblance. But there is one thing that nobody else could secure so well, at the very centre of the character. This is a certain grim irony of stubborn, proud blood, a tragic, hungry isolation in the midst of life. STARK YOUNG.

The Finest Flower of the Age

(Two automobile critics, Mr. Cotter and Mr. Pin, have just come from the Twenty-second Annual Automobile Salon. New York: Grand Ball Room and Main Lobby of the Hotel Commodore. Admission, one dollar plus war-tax.)

MR. COTTER: A fine show, wonderful workmanship.

MR. PIN: An amazing display of beauty and efficiency.

MR. COTTER: We might get together on this story. I ought to get back to the office. I do sports also, you know, and re-write, and Sunday heads, and a little bit of City Hall now and then.

MR. PIN: I'm on space. My first assignment. Actually, I'm an interior decorator. I used to be with the Ohlwasser galleries. I expect a lady in to see me about some lampshades at four.

MR. COTTER: I could write six columns about all that exquisite coachwork, the way I feel now. But the city desk won't stand for the personal element in an art story. So I'm just going to reel off the regular tripe. Did you spot anything unusual?

MR. PIN: Read this two-page spread the Rolls-Royce people have in the catalogue.

MR. COTTER: Good stuff. Let's not be too parallel. I'll take where it says: "When this country was fighting the Civil War, a lad toiled in the London Underground Railway cleaning arc lamps. That lad was Frederick Henry Royce."

MR. PIN: And I'll confine myself to: "But genius needs opportunity to succeed. That came in the financial aid brought by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, renowned amateur sportsman, automobilist, 'racing driver' and balloonist." Quite a story there. Balloonist. Now what?

MR. COTTER: Did you notice the trick Lincoln all dolled up like an old-time coach, with yellow panels?

MR. PIN: Did I? I'm an interior decorator. A precise copy, the identical lines, hamper basket behind, old square side-lamps, figure-of-eight door handles.

MR. COTTER: You take that, it's more your stuff. Another item: the Minerva limousine with the back of the front seat fitted out like a bar—ice-box, thermos bottle, shaker, and six little nickelled cocktail glasses. Every other paper in town is sure to feature it.

MR. PIN: So we can omit that. The glasses were gold on the inside.

MR. COTTER: On the contrary, of course we'll have to mention it, if they do.

MR. PIN: On the same principle, we must not forget the late Rudolph Valentino's roadster.

MR. COTTER: Naturally. It gives the key of the whole show. We must underline the fact that this was a super-show, representing only nineteen makes, the aristocrats among automobile makers and coach builders, the finest flower of the age.

MR. PIN: Why not simply recast this bit from the catalogue: "dedicated to the display, amid appropriate surroundings, of all that is fashionable and really meritorious in high grade motor car chassis and custom coachwork"?

MR. COTTER: Why not? Always use the hay that's handed out to you if possible. That's modern journalism.

MR. PIN: I see, I see. Then there should be at least a paragraph easily lifted from this Lincoln folder. We'll divvy it up as before. The high note here, I take it, is that the Lincoln people have beat everybody else to it in period coachwork. Did you remark this: "Lincoln Travelogue of Art and Transportation down through the ages"?

MR. COTTER: No, I didn't. Read me the high spots.

MR. PIN: Well, "there is an endless fascination about the art of old Cathay." Now look at this, "Oriental Lincoln Four-passenger Coupé," with "gold striping bespeaking mandarin dignity and splendor." Let's skip the Egyptian Berline, because here it says that "Egyptian art, once standardized, remained virtually without change."

MR. COTTER: Though I'm inclined to mention the Cleopatra green of the exterior finish. Cleopatra's always good copy.

MR. PIN: Is that so? And here's the Chariot Red Roman Lincoln Convertible Club Roadster. Now for a long jump to Gothic. Here's a Gothic Limousine. Listen to this: "Authentically Gothic, too, is the impressive broadcloth used for interior trim, and likewise the wondrous Gorham hardware."

MR. COTTER: You use that. Not in my line. How many of these periods are represented?

MR. PIN: Quite a few more. Next come the Renaissance semi-collapsible Cabriolet, the Louis XIV Brougham, "finished in Maintenon blue and Chateau cream-buff," Georgian, Empire, Colonial, Coaching, and Modern.

MR. COTTER: All due to Henry Ford's interest in antiques.

MR. PIN: Is your paper interested in color?

MR. COTTER: Occasional color stories, that's all. Why?

MR. PIN: Because this folder on the color specifications used in the show is unique. I know something about tints, but there are a whole lot here I never heard of—Ditzler's Peewee Green, Willey's Cobalt Blue, Ching Blue, Bambalina Blue, Gascony Vermilion . . .

MR. COTTER: Isn't there anything else in the line of live copy? Who cares about those Bambalina Blues, anyway . . .

MR. PIN: You might mention that the band up in the gallery of the ballroom was playing Tchaikovsky's Symphonie Pathétique.

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MR. COTTER: No good.

MR. PIN: Or describe all the radiator cap decorations, greyhounds, Minervas, nickel-plated nudes cleaving the air, soaring victories, the coiled cobra on Valentino's Isotta Fraschini.

MR. COTTER: I can make use of the cobra. Any more personalities?

MR. PIN: Well, I saw an elderly clergyman sitting in a Rolls-Royce sedan measuring the space between the top of his head and the top of the car.

MR. COTTER: Either a silk-hat Harry or a rough-rider. Who was it? Manning? Straton?

MR. PIN: I don't know.

MR. COTTER: No good. Let's call it a day. I guess I've got all I need. How about yourself?

MR. PIN: The rest of my piece will expatiate upon the double mirrors in the Cadillac, for Madame's lipstick as she nears the country club, upon the Bonaparte Beige interiors, the Packard's onyx-knobbed gear-shift stick, the many varieties of perfume bottle, the dictograph communicating with the chauffeur, the fleece-lined, monogrammed foot muffs, and the contents of an exciting little pamphlet entitled: "Now, about your laprobe——"

MR. COTTER: Which one of these wonderful cars would you most like to have yourself?

MR. PIN: That low rakish shining Cadillac victoria phaeton, with the German silver radiator and hood. I'd use it to drive around New England in and pick up antiques. Or maybe the elegant Stutz Town Car, with its rhythmic, descending lines. Or maybe both.

MR. COTTER: Yes, I'd have them, and also that Isotta Fraschini. There's a regal car for you. About the size of a Pullman, all black and silver. Just imagine swinging up to the opera in a bus like that! For country use, I'd take the Mercedes sport.

MR. PIN: I disagree. A car without taste, typically German. Military and menacing, battleship-gray and red pigskin, with a sharp nose like an axe.

MR. COTTER: All right, all right. Now, how about the Renault? Those graceful French lines, so unusually defined.

MR. PIN: Not at all. The Renault is not what it used to be. The fine sweep of its nose has been broken.

MR. COTTER: I'd like to review automobiles the way I would a show. Such and such a car, cast in the rôle of a landaulet, is very feeble.

MR. PIN: Why don't you?

MR. COTTER: Because my paper hasn't two or three million dollars to spend on damage suits. Say, do you realize that if you say something in print which one of these automobile concerns can prove dissuaded a particular person, whom they will produce in court, from buying one of their cars, they can collect a whole lot of money?

MR. PIN: No!

MR. COTTER: So that's that. There the loss of advertising to be considered, too. By the way, what kind of a car do you own?

MR. PIN: A Ford.

MR. COTTER: So did I until two years ago, when I turned it in for a set of Ridpath's History of the World.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Mencken's Democratic Man

H. L. MENCKEN'S Notes on Democracy (Knopf) adds nothing new to his political philosophy: its fundamental ideas are precisely those which he has been preaching for many years and which appear already in his book on Nietzsche published in 1908 and before he became popular. The human race, according to Mencken, is composed of "gentlemen" and "boobs": the gentlemen, by virtue of their superiority, have made themselves masters of the good things of the world; and the peasants, who, by virtue of their ineptitude, remain fettered to the plough and the bench, are filled with envy toward "their betters." It is this envy which supplies the issues of democratic politics: it is the desire on the part of the peasants to rob the superior classes of rewards unattainable by themselves or to restrain them from the enjoyment of activities which they cannot understand. The superior classes have, not only a monopoly of the possessions and the pleasures, but a monopoly of the virtues as well: they have all the learning, all the taste, all the intelligence, all the fortitude, all the honor and all the sense of responsibility. Therefore, a government by the people, which is a government by persons distinguished by the opposites of these qualities, is sure to be a scandal and a farce. The United States is such a spectacle.

Mencken has here expounded this thesis in greater detail and under a greater number of aspects than he has ever done before; and he has invoked more authorities to support it. He thus makes the gesture of discussing systematically the machinery of democratic government; he attempts to find corroboration in behavioristic psychology and he at last receives into his bosom the conclusions of the Binet tests, which he had previously denounced, but which assert that the majority of the population possess the mentality of schoolboys. Yet, for all this, his book is not an inquiry: it is the same old melodrama, with the gentleman, the man of honor, pitted against the peasant and the boob. There is no discussion of what makes people gentlemen or of what makes people boobs, or of how it is that both classes happen to belong to the same human race, or of how it is that we so often find them merging, or one becoming transformed into the other. Mencken, with his fierce inflexibility of mind, is capable of neither the sympathy of the historian, the detachment of the scientist, nor the subtlety of the philosopher. And his new book is certainly not to be taken as a contribution to political science: it is simply another of his "prejudices" treated on a larger scale than the rest. But, though Notes on Democracy is not precisely politics, it is quite remarkable as literature. Poe said of his philosophical system, Eureka, that it was to be taken neither as philosophy nor science, but as a "prose poem," which was, none the less, true. Mencken might say the same of his new book, which is a sort of obverse of Whitman's Leaves of Grass. Let us, therefore, accept Mencken's assumptions. It is quite plain that a population composed, as Mencken asserts ours to be, almost exclusively of beings without courage, ability, aspiration or honor could never have settled, however crudely, either the West or the East or maintained however unsatisfactory a federal government—could never, in fact, make the effort necessary to sustain

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a single street of shops or preserve the discipline necessary for a single bank or office, let alone establish an army, a navy, a medical faculty, a church, a university or a bar. But let us accept the fantastic world which he imagines as we do the country of the Houyhnhnms or the country of Erewhon; and we shall find that it has its reality as these other places have.

This world, which, as I say, has its reality, is simply an isolation from the rest of all those features of American life which fall short of Mencken's standards. What Mencken's standards are I have indicated and we must certainly accept them as sound. He feels a strong emotion in connection with them but it is not an emotion of enthusiasm; it is an emotion experienced at missing them and it takes the form, not of celebration, but of indignation and scorn. And this emotion has never been more effectively—perhaps, never so effectively expressed—as in his newest book. The book misses the peculiar cumulative force of a pamphlet by Swift or Shaw, because it has not the entraînement of a closely reasoned argument to sustain the interest to the end; and as a result, the last of the three sections becomes rather repetitious and disappointing. But, as a whole, it is certainly one of the best written and most intensely felt of his books: with A Book of Prefaces and The American Language, it is among those of his books which, whatever else of Mencken we may be content nowadays not to read, ought to be read. Mencken has here nothing new to say; but what he has been saying on the subject of democracy he has never before said with so terse a language or with a satiric force so nearly in the grand manner, so stirring and nearly tragic.

Mencken's emotions of anger and contempt have had the effect, as everybody knows, of projecting the bugaboo of the great American boob. Some of the items of Mencken's indictment against this character sound perhaps here a little fatuous: "What he knows of histology," writes Mencken, "or protozoölogy, or philology, or paleontology is precisely nothing. Such things lie beyond his capacity for learning, and he has no curiosity about them. . . . Even those applied sciences which enter intimately into his everyday existence remain outside his comprehension and interest. Consider, for example, chemistry and biology. The whole life of the inferior man, including especially his so-called thinking, is purely a biochemical process, and exactly comparable to what goes on in a barrel of cider, yet he knows no more about chemistry than a cow and no more about biology than its calf. . . . He is more ignorant of elementary anatomy and physiology than the Egyptian quacks of 4000 B.C. . . . He has never so much as heard of ethnology, pathology or embryology. Greek, to him, is only a jargon spoken by boot-blacks, and Wagner is a retired baseball player. He has never heard of Euripides, of Hippocrates, of Aristotle, or of Plato. Or of Vesalius, Newton, and Roger Bacon. The fine arts are complete blanks to him. He doesn't know what a Doric column is, or an etching, or a fugue. He is as ignorant of sonnets and the Gothic style as he is of ecclesiastical politics in Abyssinia. Homer, Virgil, Cervantes, Bach, Raphael, Rubens, Beethoven—all such colossal names are empty sounds to him," etc., etc. This all sounds a little like Monsieur Jourdain giving Madame Jourdain the benefit of his recent instruction in the pronunciation of the vowels (to say nothing of Mencken's ideas of the assumptions of modern biology—the barrel of cider, etc.). None the less, the Notes on Democracy contains to date Mencken's most effective portrait of his "Democratic Man."

This character is an ideal one: it is an abstraction like Swift's Yahoo and it has almost the same stature and distinctness. It has, in fact, impressed itself upon the imagination of the general public in America as perhaps no other contemporary literary creation with the exception of Scott Fitzgerald's flapper. Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt and the inhabitants of his Main Street are merely particular incarnations of the great American boob, evidently inspired by Mencken. In the current number of the New Masses is a cartoon of the "Immaculate Conception," in which the editor of the American Mercury is seen suckling "the American superman," a feeble and rudimentary 100 percent American with a pair of bone spectacles; and this accurately represents the situation. Mencken has planted the conception of the American boob, not only in the minds of those writers whom he has influenced, but also in the minds of all the persons, all the otherwise undistinguished citizens, who are to be seen in every state in the Union carrying the American Mercury under their arms. And he has inculcated, along with this image, the moral ideal which it implies. We may not always like the somewhat heavy-footed superman (who is the positive inference to be drawn from the negative caricature) as we sometimes encounter him in Mencken's pages, and we may like him less when we encounter his embodiments in some of Mencken's admirers; but we must admit that to have made the Americans recognize themselves in his super-boor and turn from the revelation in horror is no inconsiderable achievement.

EDMUND WILSON.

Sand Dunes

Sea waves are green and wet,
But up from where they die
Rise others vaster yet,
And those are brown and dry.

They are the sea made land
To come at the fisher town,
And bury in solid sand
The men she could not drown.

She may know cove and cape,
But she does not know mankind
If by any change of shape
She hopes to cut off mind.

Men left her a ship to sink;
They can leave her a hut as well,
And be but more free to think
For the one more cast-off shell.

ROBERT FROST.

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Brancusi and Marin

MARIN at the Intimate Gallery: The new Marins are, I think, among the finest fruits of our generation. They have the surface charm, many of them, of the earliest Marins, the charm of pure color, of eyes that seek and apprehend unexpected gems; they have the depth and strength, the inner feeling, of the later Marin, the pure lyricist, singing of the landscape and the ocean and the beauty of swift white sails, or baffled and hurt, yet still singing, in the midst of the soiled canyons of New York; and they have, incidentally, the marvelous technical range of an artist whose economies in expression intensify the swift translucent quality of the medium itself. The fusion of the inner and the outer eye, focused unconsciously in the living gesture of the brush, not brought together by any set formula of design, puts Marin at the very summit of his art; and this means, at the present moment, of American art. Is it unreasonable to hope that the country which has harbored Marin might even produce a permanent anchorage for his pictures? What better nucleus could there be for a collection of American art, or what better pictures to represent modern America alongside the fine achievements of the past? Today we can find our Marins with Stieglitz. But where shall we find them tomorrow? What answer have our museums to make to this question?

Brancusi at the Brummer Gallery: "Intellectual passion drives out sensuality." This observation of Leonardo's came to me when I stood among the Brancusi sculptures. Brancusi, like more than one good man in our day, was one of Rodin's assistants: the work of the two artists, their technique, their feeling for form are in extreme contrast. Rodin is all surface: the surfaces are tactile; they catch the least quiver of light or shade, like bodies in movement: the structure, or the form implied through all these passages and undulations, is forgotten. The Musée Rodin is a magnificent carnival of sensual passion: desire—deep, anguished, volatile, thirsty, above all sensual—is transfixed in a hundred amazing attitudes, all personal in their conception. The Hand of God is Rodin's hand: the girl, the man, the embrace, the shudder, are drawn from the pockets of private experience. Rodin's marbles are a pageant of magnificent sensuality, like those Flemish feasts Taine once described.

In Brancusi, intellectual passion is dominant: it is a fine surgical knife that cuts bloodlessly into the innermost form. From the block of marble, from the trunk of riven oak, from a piece of granular stone, he extracts a form—its form—and the plastic medium becomes almost as refined as a concept. Here is a bird. It is not a bird that belongs to the jungle or the woods: it is that Golden Bird which is all birds: the highly polished marble whirling slenderly toward a point in utmost space is the character and activity of birds, their shape and their flight, wedded into a single form. Here is a block of marble, tapering slightly at its base: by the subtlest of transpositions, so subtle that they seem almost the work of the beholder's eye rather than the sculptor's hand, the marble becomes the virginal torso of a girl—and the torso is Chastity. Any other use of this block would seem a profanation. Or again, there is the trunk of a tree, with two inverted branches coming vigorously out of each side: the surfaces have been rounded, almost as if they had been put in a lathe: there is no hint of muscles or organs: and yet, in the unflinching strength of the conception there is no doubt of the character and sex of the figure: this is the idea of a young man. A solid cube of stone: a line down the center and the finest suggestion of a curve at the belly, divide the man from the woman. It is called The Kiss: the lips emphasize it: but the kiss is the kiss of perfect oneness: it has no beginning and no end: this solid block represents, unlike Rodin's kisses, not a man and a woman considered as separate beings, but their union. So one might go through each object in the Brancusi exhibition—the fish, reflected in the mirror on which they glide, are in their original medium, or the simple column of oak which might be set up in some park or wood to represent the reigning dryad. Carried to the utmost abstraction in line and surface, almost all of Brancusi's forms speak plainly for themselves: in only two cases, Socrates and the Prodigal Son, did I feel unable to grasp the sculptor's intention. What is the significance of this intellectual passion of Brancusi: what is the meaning of these forms?

One finds in Brancusi, first of all, the craftsman's deep respect for his material. The method of working in clay and casting in bronze does not greatly foster this respect: but for Brancusi the medium is an expressive instrument itself: the block of wood, the slab of onyx, the molten bronze demands that its special character be respected. The bronze, for example, is burnished and finished to the highest point of perfection: an engine valve could not be finished more perfectly: but the old oak on the other hand remains what it is, a tree, an organic being that has lived through time and carries the scars of old battles with the elements. Brancusi's respect for material is quite another matter from Rodin's habit of leaving the marble in the rough, as a matrix for the finished work: on the contrary, Brancusi does not leave the material alone until its special quality, the velvet finish of fine-grained marble, the high polish of bronze, comes out of it. This respect for the medium, for the objective fact, belongs to our own day. Things dominate us: we rise to knowledge and power in their service: to achieve our own purposes, we must achieve theirs, too. Those who seek knowledge and power must so far sacrifice their private sensual desires and live, platonically, in a world of form. *Our* form? No: no more than *our* universe. *Its* form: *its* purpose—whatever that is. These abstract blocks are the image of our deity, a deity that does not so much thunder in syllogisms as command in equations, a highly impersonal and dispersed deity, whose power is all the more relentless over us because we are not able to hold him fast and answer back.

Brancusi's forms are, so to say, the mathematical forms of objects: they are not the wilful projection of the artist's inner state. Here is the thing itself, or rather its essence, extracted from the tissue of surface and circumstance: the absolute form, not the form which changes with place, age, milieu, and a thousand contingencies. Finished, polished, perfected, these absolute forms are nevertheless not quite free from the human presence: in the mirrored surfaces of

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bronze, the figure of oneself, other visitors, the gallery, the skylight are reflected, too. But with perfect metaphysical correctness, these extraneous forms are reflected as weird distortions: they touch but do not dominate the form in which they are, in spite of all the sculptor's effort, surreptitiously represented.

Almost alone among the artists of our time, Brancusi has been able to fuse together two important attitudes. One is the feeling for Nature, the renewal of the Pan impulse, which rose in the eighteenth century, dominated Turner and Corot, gave whatever gaiety and life belongs to the impressionists, and swept through the annals of the natural sciences that dealt with the earth and organic life. The other is that belief in formal perfection, irrespective of time, place, history, which rose in modern times with Spinoza and the modern mathematicians, and which has carved a place in our daily life through the precise calibrations and inflexible logic of machinery: the pure forms of machines, with their elimination to the last degree of the human element, have prepared our minds to embrace the validity of "absolutes" in other departments of existence. Those who lack the sense of Nature are sterile: their pure forms belong not to Plato's heaven but to the cemetery: their ultimate is the skeleton. Those who lack the sense of the absolute lack a belief in one of our highest capacities as human beings: for it is at the point where man can eliminate himself in favor of the object he beholds that he begins for the first time to understand the world in which he lives, and, to the extent of his understanding, takes on the functions of godhead. In embodying plastically these two great conceptions of the universe, the organic and the mathematical, Brancusi's sculpture is intellectually unique: after the troubled tumult of Rodin and the realists, he is the lonely tree and the clear sky, one planted in the ground, the other overarching the universe.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

England and War Guilt

SIR: In your issue of October 20, Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes seeks to pray in aid a passage from Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's book, International Anarchy, to insinuate that the author regarded England as a particeps criminis to the commencement of the World War.

Mr. Barnes must know perfectly well that the view of Mr. Dickinson is summarized elsewhere, for at p. 249 he says: ". . . the evidence is conclusive that the British government strained every nerve to avoid the War."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Barnes, who has recently thought fit to accuse a respected British statesman of mendacity, should not himself be a little more scrupulous.

Cambridge, Mass. CECIL OAKES.

SIR: The questions raised in the letter of Mr. Oakes are such as demand the attention of Mr. Dickinson rather than of myself. If Mr. Dickinson has been contradictory or inconsistent in his book that is his affair and not mine. I am familiar with his whole text and quoted from what he specifically states to be his final conclusions and the moral to the book. Of course, Mr. Dickinson has not been inconsistent here. What he means is, quite obviously, that Grey allowed England to be dragged into Continental commitments which were so strong and complicated that they proved too much for him, in spite of an underlying desire for peace. If Mr. Oakes will consult Mr. Dickinson's review in the New Republic for July 28 he will find that he there once more admits that Grey would have tried to throw England into the War even if the Germans had not invaded Belgium.

As to the charge of Grey's mendacity I have offered the evidence for that in my book. The most cogent evidence is threefold: (1) Grey's denials of his commitments to France and Russia in the spring of 1914; (2) his refusal to state any terms to the German ambassador on which England would remain neutral and his statement to the House of Commons that he had specified England's neutrality conditions; and (3) his speech of August 3 asking the Commons's support for the protection of the French channel ports against Germany when he had in his possession a German promise not to attack these ports if England would remain neutral. Added to these is his frequent reiteration in his Memoirs that Germany rejected every diplomatic proposal to preserve peace in 1914, when in 1914 Grey admitted that the German proposals were better than his conference plan. If Mr. Oakes thinks I am hard on Grey he should read such an English work as Jellicoe's Playing the Game.

Northampton, Mass. HARRY ELMER BARNES.

The Value of Public Owned Power

SIR: I am often employed by electric public utility companies as engineer, and I know how difficult it is to write a technical report on that phase of the public utility business treated in Electric Power as an Issue in Politics (New Republic, Oct. 6, 1926) without writing misleading half truths.

I think the editorial eminently fair and restrained in its treatment of an intricate subject. Despite the effort to be fair, it is evident that the statistical material available did not permit a full presentation of the pertinent facts.

(1) The editorial would lead the uninformed to think that the gross income per kilowatt-hour sold by the large hydro-electric, privately owned public utilities is greater than the gross income per kilowatt-hour sold by the Ontario municipalities which serve both domestic and industrial consumers of electric energy or greater than the gross income per kilowatt-hour sold by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission in its direct sale of electric energy to domestic and industrial users.

Another writer of editorials might suggest that his politician should state, "that the amount paid per kilowatt-hour by the Canadian domestic and industrial consumers is about the same as the amount paid per kilowatt-hour by American domestic and industrial consumers served by the large privately owned hydro-electric power companies, that is, the income per unit of output is the same; if the large American companies are making unreasonable profits, so are the Canadian companies, and state ownership is no remedy."

(2) The editorial would lead the uninformed to think that the lower industrial rates charged in the United States are the free choice of the power companies, and that if higher industrial rates were charged the domestic rates could be lowered. Industrial rates are set in all sections of the United States and Canada so that the cost of electrical energy and its other advantages in manufacturing will permit its sale, and the rates are set in strict competition with other sources of energy available to manufacturers.

The prices of coal and fuel oil set industrial power rates, and the relatively higher cost of coal to the Canadian manufacturer influences the industrial rates more than the desire of the Ontario Commission to sell at a high rate to the industrial users so as to sell at a low rate to the domestic consumer.

The costs to serve the industries are very close to the rates charged because, except in a very few localities, there is but little difference between cost of production by steam and the cost of production by water power.

The cost of energy to the consumer is a local problem, though

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the locality sometimes embraces a state or even two states. In portions of this country served by hydro-electric companies and in which rates to domestic consumers range from three to nine cents per kilowatt-hour, depending on the equipment installed and the energy consumption, and in which rates to industries range from nine mills to two cents per kilowatt-hour depending on the kilowatt demand, the equipment installed, and the energy consumption, a rise of 5 percent in industrial rates would cause a loss of large industrial customers, a poorer diversity factor on the generating plants and distribution lines of the utilities, a great decrease in the gross and net incomes of the utilities, and an increase in domestic rates and in rates to the small power customer to make the gross income of the utilities per unit of output equal to the gross income of the Canadian companies per unit of output. The power companies would lose their large industrial customers because these customers can generate energy from coal or oil at a cost very close to the price now paid to the power companies. Your writer must know that domestic consumers alone cannot pay the costs of production and distribution even at very much higher rates than the large utilities charge. Production and distribution to industrial users can stand on their own feet in industrial centres.

(3) Electrical utilities (privately owned) emerged from great difficulties shortly after the close of the War. For about five years they have been prosperous. Cost of energy to the consumers has decreased in the face of high prices for all other commodities due to technical advances in the art of generation and distribution and to the progressiveness of public utility management. Your writer suggests that his politician advocate an experiment in state owned and operated plants and lines. The utilities are in the midst of a great experiment; it has been only five or six years since it started; it looks to me as if it will be successful in causing a wide use of electrical energy in homes and factories at such prices as will give enough profit to attract investment at reasonable rates, and therefore permit more expansion.

Please do not advocate that any more politicans retard the great experiment than will do so of their own free will in seeking votes.

(4) I have not data to prove that the privately owned large hydro-electric companies are serving domestic customers in villages and in rural communities below cost, but I have enough data to make me hold that opinion.

JOHN M. GALLALEE,
Professor of Mechanical Engineering,
University, Ala. University of Alabama.

[The statement that the gross income per kilowatt-hour received by the Ontario Hydro is as large as that of private owned American hydro plants is subject to careful analysis of many hundred sets of books which have not been analyzed. Professor Gallalee has given no more than a guess that they are equal. Moreover, the question of gross income is relatively unimportant. The test is net income. The Canadian Hydro is retiring its capital within thirty years. At the end of that time its fixed charges will be practically nil. Even if the gross income of private and public companies were the same, the problem of whether greater social usefulness cannot be obtained by lower rates and larger consumption, rather than relatively high rates, still remains. There is a great group among the rate engineers of the private companies in America who favor the Canadian policy to that extent.

That lower rates (inducement rates) to domestic consumers develop a higher rate of return from an increased consumption in domestic service was the conclusion of Col. C. F. Lacombe and W. S. Leffler, rate engineers of the Brooklyn Edison, in a recent series of articles in the Electrical World. They found that companies using such lower rates to small consumers "have increased the percentage of consumption per customer three and one-half times as much and the percentage of revenue has increased more than three times that of companies using a nearly straight line form" (a high flat rate).

We never attempted to advance the proposition that industrial rates for large scale use should be as high as domestic rates. When there is a range between the private rates and the industrial rates, of from sixteen cents to three quarters of a cent, as in Pennsylvania, there is a definite question as to the fairness of those high rates, as well as of their social expediency. The industrialists can protect themselves by threatening competition from their own generating plants. Exactly how close to cost the industrial rates are is not known. That they are within 5 percent or half a mill of the cost of industrial generation is a matter which needs some proving, heretofore not done. And the low prices of private industrial generation would really apply only to very large industrial plants. The smaller ones are not able to compete with an industry in which large generating units are recognized to be much more efficient than small units.

In a case involving the high domestic rates of the Boston Edison (9.5 cents per kilowatt-hour) the Department of Public Utilities of Massachusetts said:

> We think that the facts indicate that the policy of the company of serving large consumers at very low rates has resulted not only in forcing the company to maintain a high maximum rate to the householders but it has also tended to compel the company to continually expend its capital to meet the added necessities of its generating system. . . . The company now recognizes that these contracts (a series of contracts with large consumers at very low rates) are unfortunate. . . . It is to be observed that the "A" rate consumers (small domestic consumers) contribute nearly one half the revenue of the company and use but approximately one-fifth of the electricity sold. Moreover, users of approximately three-fifths of the electricity sold pay prices averaging from three cents down to 1.2 cents per kilowatt-hour.

The private utilities have shown a steady increase in production and profit in the last six years with the exception of 1921 where production dropped 6.4 percent below 1920, but the gross revenues, nevertheless, rose 12.6 percent above 1920. The only experiment the companies are engaged in is that of concentration of financial control in holding companies. Interconnection is no longer an experiment.—THE EDITORS.]

Aimee McPherson

SIR: I thank Bruce Bliven and the New Republic for the November 3 article, Sister Aimee. When Southern California talks more about Aimee Semple McPherson than about the price of real estate, and when people all over the country are choosing their intimate friends according to their opinion of Mrs. McPherson's story, some contribution is needed to this intricate baffling and completely fascinating case. . . .

Having had glimpses of both psychology and philosophy of religion in college, I thought I ought to go to Angelus Temple at least once to study its particular brand of gospel. Mere pose, of course, for I was really nothing more than one of the vast throng of curiosity seekers that have helped crowd the Temple since Mrs. McPherson's trial began. But like thousands of others, I entered a cool and sceptical spectator, and went away temporarily dazzled into enthusiastic and unreasoning devotion. Such radiance, grace and dramatic fire! Such amazing child-like frankness! Such wide-eyed, earnest wonder at the strange, cruel ways of a wicked world. Surely this woman must be the innocent, naïve, persecuted martyr that she claims to be. . . .

But in the calm of one's study, that desire to make a "pasty reminiscence" of the first poor fellow who dares to lift a doubtful eyebrow, subsides. Doubts come back. One remembers facts of her story that no plot against the Temple, however gigantic, can possibly explain away. . . . One thinks of Mrs. McPherson's words, "I am not the great, brilliant, scheming woman which the prosecution would have people believe, but am simply a humble follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene; just a little woman five-feet-three-and-a-half in stature," and then thinks of her remarkable ability to use every blow of the prosecution to bind her followers closer to her; her skill in turning every sensational newspaper story into a "gospel message." As an advertising genius she undoubtedly rivals the Queen of Rumania.

San Bernardino, Calif. CHARLOTTE HIMOE.

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Thomas Jefferson Still Lives

Jefferson, by Albert Jay Nock. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 340 pages. $2.75.

Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson, by Francis W. Hirst. New York: The Macmillan Company. 588 pages. $4.

The Best Letters of Thomas Jefferson, selected and edited by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 300 pages. $2.

OF these three works, each a worthy contribution to American historical literature, Mr. Nock's is pre-eminent. A Virginian with a classical education, aristocratic tastes and democratic theories, Mr. Nock writes of Jefferson with intelligent sympathy, and the graceful sophistication that one expects of a former editor of the Freeman. His art of portraiture is admirable. In the small compass of four chapters, we obtain a really lifelike picture of the versatile Jefferson: revolutionary patriot, democratic reformer, observing traveler, honest diplomatist, man of letters, farmer, naturalist, inventor and architect. We are then properly equipped to understand why Jefferson opposed Hamilton, what he tried to do as President.

In describing Jefferson's conflict with Hamilton, Mr. Nock follows the economic trail blazed by Charles A. Beard, but with a decided slant in the direction of the single tax. His description of the Republican party as an organization of producers against Hamiltonian exploiters and plunderers, is somewhat too simple for our bourgeois intelligence. Why was a Virginian tobacco planter with a hundred slaves any more of a producer and less of an exploiter than the Yankee owner of a dozen ships or fifty spinning-jennies? Of course any bright young Virginian of the day would have answered that infallible, immutable, economic law, the law of nature as discovered by the French Physiocrats, proved farming to be the sole producer of wealth. Banks, merchants, manufacturers and armies are merely parasites on the farmer's back. "C'est la terre qui paye tout." Now it is quite clear that Mr. Nock has considered this key to Jefferson's theories and rejected it; for Jefferson was after all a good deal of a sciolist, and seldom thought things through to their strictly logical conclusion—which defect, by the way, made him a statesman. Yet the connection between Virginian Republicanism and the Physiocrats seems natural and obvious. Jefferson, in Paris, was introduced by Franklin and his friends to surviving Economists like Dupont de Nemours. Virginia, as Jefferson described it to them, must have seemed a physiocratic Eden if only slavery were eliminated: a country without trade or manufactures, banks or shipping. America's mission, as Turgot plainly stated in his famous letter to Richard Price, was to be the "hope of the human race," a country of simple farmers renouncing power and wealth for rural felicity and republican virtue. Returning to America, Jefferson sought to realize this ideal, which had always been his. Hence his opposition to Hamilton's system of creating credit, developing commerce and manufacture, and his dislike of England, which stood for every principle that the Physiocrats denounced as outworn, illusory and immoral. Hence his fear of monarchy, a symbol and supporter of all that he detested. Hence his ready acceptance of the Louisiana Purchase, an agrarian overbalance to the mercantile northern states; and the embargo, a substitute for the Chinese wall that he once wished to build against European corruption.

Yet these two outstanding events of Jefferson's Presidency did more to break down American simplicity and homogeneity than Hamilton's financial system. The embargo built up a manufacturing interest in New England that became the mainstay of every party that opposed Jefferson's; and the Louisiana Purchase opened up vistas of speculation and corruption in comparison with which Hamilton's financial schemes were mere pleached alleys. If the westward movement, which Jefferson promoted, helped temporarily to prolong the Jeffersonian polity, in the long run it made us a Hamiltonian nation. It was the wealth of the West that enabled the American people to reject simple subsistence farming as a way of life. After all, it was by exploiting virgin land that Thomas Jefferson could afford to bring a harpsichord from London to Monticello. Nobody wanted to stay on the farm and practice the pristine republican virtues, when Easy Street began at his back door.

As the writer of a "study" rather than a biography, Mr. Nock properly excuses himself for neglecting certain aspects of his subject; but that does not let him out of inaccuracy on the aspects that he includes. Alexander Hamilton was not a bastard, and it distorts his policy to represent him as a conscious creator of corruption.

Washington did not "set himself against the French," or regard the treaty of 1778 as a scrap of paper. John Adams did not sign the midnight appointments "in sheer pique and resentment" or pack off for Quincy "in high dudgeon." These are mere blemishes on the most sparkling study of Jefferson yet written; accuracy would not have dimmed the brilliancy.

Mr. Hirst's Life and Letters is a more pedestrian biography, fuller in detail and more precise in documentation. The author is an Englishman, of the Manchester free-trade school; and his work is shot through with that theory, as Mr. Nock's with the single tax. By taking no knowledge of the period for granted, and writing in a plain, straightforward style, he has produced a book more useful than Mr. Nock's for the average reader. One of his motives is to show up Mr. F. S. Oliver, who has foisted on the English and the Anglomaniac public a grotesque and distorted caricature of Jefferson. It may be said at once that Mr. Hirst has succeeded in this laudable ambition; but he has gone too far in defending the wisdom of Jefferson's every act. Yet if he sometimes errs, it is in the right direction. Most American historians have been so much concerned with pointing out Jefferson's mistakes and inconsistencies as to obscure the immense residuum of tolerance, simplicity and sheer common sense. Now the great merit of Mr. Hirst is in seeing the big trees through the underbrush; in emphasizing the amazing liberalism and magnanimity with which Jefferson had the courage to govern the United States, while the rest of the world followed Pitt and Napoleon. Lord Acton, in reviewing Bryce's American Commonwealth, commented on his failure to present the historical antecedents of American institutions. I hope that Mr. Hirst's success in supplying this want may tempt other Englishmen into the same field.

Mr. de Roulhac Hamilton's selections from Jefferson's letters could not be bettered in the space allotted. The reader would appreciate footnotes to some of the allusions; but he may supply these himself from any biography of the great Virginian. All the famous letters are here, and samples of the others; also two of the greatest of American state papers: the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, and Jefferson's First Inaugural Address. Would that the

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American public, in these days of prosperity and power, could recapture something of the serene confidence of the latter document! The year was 1801. The young and tottering republic, encompassed by the dominions of Britain and Spain, threatened by aggression from without and sedition from within, was just recovering from a political campaign so intense and bitter that civil war was barely avoided and Jefferson said:

> . . . Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions . . . If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.

S. E. Morison.

Eternal Feminine

I Have This to Say, by Violet Hunt. New York: Boni and Liveright. 306 pages. $3.50.

SOME time in the nineties there appeared in the fiction of those piquant years a book called The Maiden's Progress. It was a story of the days when the girl was demanding a share of her brother's freedom, when the latchkey was the bone of her contention and the symbol of her emancipation, when the club first became part of the organization of her life—a sort of anticipatory Ann Veronica. It was a most zestful performance which flew unashamed the colors of youth. The title page bore the name of Violet Hunt. Her father, Alfred Hunt, was a painter, and her mother, a proper Victorian novelist who kept a definite station in smart literary London. Followed other novels, forgotten by this reviewer, until perhaps twenty years later appeared White Rose of Weary Leaf, a book as strained in vision and as relaxed in temper as The Maiden's Progress was spontaneous and resilient. What had happened? The outline of events was known. Violet Hunt became assistant to Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, editor of The English Review. To marry her he was obliged to secure a divorce, and apparently the only way to do this was to resume the German citizenship which his father had renounced when he came to England to secure for Bernard Tauchnitz the right of publication for Rossetti's poetry, married the daughter of another Pre-raphaelite, Ford Madox Brown, and became an English subject. The effort to maintain a tenuous situation in the face of hypocritical Edwardian society and a censorious family connection is the theme of I Have This to Say. Violet Hunt was fond of her social life. She was proud of a position which enabled her to maintain a circle of distinction about her mother, the proper Victorian novelist, and her niece whom she was introducing to London society. She saw it all threatened. "For the next few months," she writes, "I went in dread of the greatest misfortune that could, at that still stringently Victorial epoch, befall an unmarried woman with a mother to take care of, and a girl to chaperon; and a large circle of friends and relations to placate and keep in good humor." Toward the close of Mr. Hueffer's probationary residence in Germany a careless journalist referred to Violet Hunt as Mrs. Ford Madox Hueffer, which accident brought the original and still nominal Mrs. Hueffer into the lists with an action for libel which she won. Mr. Hueffer gained his German citizenship, but just then came the War whereupon he hastily recanted, joined the British army and become Ford Madox Ford. Truly a situation for a novelist, for two novelists. And about this central theme gathers copious subsidiary detail.

The most interesting portion of this detail is reminiscence of the distinguished circle of spectators, who like a cloud of witnesses encompassed the arena wherein the two gladiators skirmished their way in retreat before the jaws of society, wide open and red for scandal. Some of them tried to intervene, to effect a diversion; one notably declined to do so. This was Henry James who had always made much of Violet. She was his "purple patch." She gave him tea at her clubs in town and stayed with him for week-ends at Lamb House. She records her belief that "in all his days he never came nearer to passion—to the stark human nature of things as [sic] that time when I tried to force him down into the arena to fight for me." The so courageous novelist of decadent London proved a lily-livered bourgeois of Cambridge, Massachusetts, when the scandal was alive. Miss Hunt admits that she had had an earlier warning. "Once I mentioned a dead friend whom I had loved very much—and I actually used the word of awe in his connection. It was at breakfast in Lamb House. H. J. left his poached egg on cereals and, rising with a little nervous cough, courteously drew my attention to the picture of his mother which hung over the sideboard." One may suspect that in this passage Violet Hunt the novelist has got a bit the better of the biographer, but one can hardly doubt the authenticity of the letter in which he withdrew an invitation to Lamb House. "I deeply lament and deplore the lamentable position in which I gather you have put yourself. . . : It affects me as painfully unedifying, and that compels me to regard all agreeable or unembarrassed communication between us as impossible." Of course Henry came around later, but it was "never glad confident morning again." The sketch which Violet Hunt gives of her old master at the moment of his tragic humiliation is at once pitying and merciless.

> I shall never forget the first night of Guy Domville and the ironic cries for "Author" of a play that had, alas, bored even faithful me. Why, oh, why, did he take that call? He was not allowed to speak, or, indeed, to finish a single sentence. That of itself would be the circle of an Inferno for the man whom no one ever Interrupted. The cruelty of it! The soft, plastic face, the helpless hands! The beautiful voice nearly extinguished! The full-bodied Boos! It was like prodding a soft, large animal in the Zoo. He was so surprised, so pained, so brave. His large white handkerchief covered his face, and, from behind it, appeared to issue chunks and gobbets—the maimed fragments of a clever speech.

It may be conjectured that the relation between Violet Hunt and Henry James was not without importance in literary history. She speaks of herself as one "whom he had been pleased to constitute his social and literary pandar." Her resources were at his disposal, and one can see in The Maiden's Progress quite naïvely and directly exposed the material which the master developed in The Awkward Age.

The value of I Have This to Say as a source book is

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not limited to Henry James. Conrad and Hueffer were friends and literary allies. The English Review introduced a good many young men to English letters. Miss Hunt mentions the neophytes Norman Douglas, Gilbert Cannan, Wyndham Lewis, and provides a charming sketch of "the first blush—the blowing—of Mr. Lawrence's flower of genius." His poems "were perfectly wonderful," and when he appeared in person, "very like a board-school boy grown to man's estate," he brought with him Miriam out of Sons and Lovers. There are charming bits of May Sinclair and Rebecca West who in the war of scandal proved themselves good sports. Of Arnold Bennett in his best period Miss Hunt saw a good deal, and of W. H. Hudson she gives a moving account. Miss Hunt was a great amateur of movements; she was whisked by the tail of the Pre-raphaelite movement through the Rossetti girls (she allows them but one s) and May Morris; she collected funds for the suffrage movement along with May Sinclair and was present at the great disturbance in Albert Hall when Mr. Nevinson was carried out by the stewards, "as stiff as if he was being levitated." When Mr. Wyndham Lewis set going the Vorticist movement in Great Ormond Street she was ready for it.

> The walls in Great Ormond Street were all painted by hand lovingly—and suggested a butcher's shop full of prime cuts more than anything else! The slaughter house allowed on the premises—upstairs—and the blood running down in gouts and streaks on the cornices and folding doors!—the amiable young butchers smiling, in their blue aprons, handing us tea—there was a young Mr. Roberts who wore a red belcher. . . . I always felt rather like a porterhouse steak myself (or is it a Chateaubriand?) sandwiched between two slabs of meat which were to stand the brunt of the cooking that would preserve my juices and make me exquisitely tender.

I Have This to Say is one of those autobiographies in which personal experience magnetizes a surrounding coil of reminiscence. In this respect it resembles, at considerable distance, the Von Anderen und Mir of Helene von Donniges, in which "Me" stands for the Liebestod of Ferdinand Lassalle, told by the girl he loved, and "Others," for a mass of succulent reminiscence and gossip which its objects resented and repudiated. Violet Hunt, like Helene von Donniges, thinks of herself in terms of fiction, and perhaps unconsciously extends the device to others. The suggestion that she might have been Mrs. Oscar Wilde is necessarily beyond challenge; but the statement that she figures in Tono Bungay as Beatrice, "the pert, aristocratic lure of the enquiring, pathetic and pushful Wells boy who was the hero" has met Mr. Wells's contradiction in William Clissold. "A charming contemporary has just confided to the world that she was the 'original' of Beatrice in Tono Bungay. It is the first intimation that has reached the author of this interesting fact. No one would have suspected it." No one would have suspected Mr. Wells of being so churlish—but perhaps he had committed himself to some other lady. The fact is that Violet Hunt, like Helene von Donniges, believes herself, and that gives a relative veracity more important in autobiography, and much more amusing, than literal truth. So we persist in taking I Have This to Say as true to character and period—and charming alike in its naïve intimacy and its calculated improvisations. It is a book full of feminine wiles, and anyone who understands women, if anyone does, will adore it.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

John Fletcher Improved

Beaumont and Fletcher on the Restoration Stage, by Arthur Colby Sprague, Ph. D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 299 pages. $4.

WHETHER the present widespread interest in the Restoration drama is indicative of a civilized taste or of moral decay is doubtless a moot question in many earnest minds. Yet the saucy school of comedy which is its best as well as its most notorious feature is picking up rather impressively after the long deceleration instituted by eighteenth century sentimentalism and maintained by Victorian prudishness. The unregenerate have always relished Congreve; but two seasons ago in certain metropolitan Houses of Satan, as Mr. Nathan would have them, both the æsthetes and the undisguised advocati diaboli viewed those Mephistophelean masterpieces Love for Love and The Way of the World. Nor have the academies been lag of the theatre. The Restoration field has long been surveyed in formal courses and is now diligently cultivated by several historical scholars.

The Puritan prohibition of theatres at least nominally in force from 1642 to 1660 used to be regarded as a high dam between the limpid waters of the Jacobeans and the Restoration whirlpool. Recent research has shown that the barrier is more apparent than real: it is doubtful if the drama would have taken a much different course had the actors never been molested. The latest critics of seventeenth century English drama have been laying stress on its continuity. It is no longer conventioual to elevate the hands in horror over the Restoration plays or to clasp them in thanksgiving for the chaste contrast afforded by the older writers.

Doctor Sprague's book is an interesting and valuable contribution to the comparative study of the Jacobean and Restoration periods. It is well known that when the licensed theatres reopened under the Merry Monarch Shakespeare's comedies were considered childish and his tragedies windy and archaic. In twenty-three adaptations these faults were "corrected" by a group of dramatists who ranged in intellectual vigor all the way from Glorious John Dryden to his Laureate successor, once removed, the egregious Nahum Tate.

But Shakespeare was not the only Jacobean to be improved. Doctor Sprague gives us the first systematic study of the handling by the Restoration adapters of any considerable portion of the non-Shakespearean drama. To this task he brings a genuine though discriminating enthusiasm for Beaumont and Fletcher and a scholarship of the soundest kind.

For a few years after the reopening of 1660 Fletcher was the most popular dramatist on the Restoration stage. The new writers did not of course make their appearance till later. D'Avenant, the hold-over Poet Laureate, was industrious but not highly gifted. Shirley was still alive, but though his plays were often performed he was not personally a factor in the revival of the stage. Jonson was very popular, but Fletcher bore the bell; for several seasons Shakespeare was less frequently acted than either.

The story of the Fletcherian vogue is told by Doctor Sprague with great particularity and careful documentation. He divides the subject into two parts: the stage history of the plays, and the adapted texts themselves. In the fifty years he covers, twenty of these were actually published, and in one form or another thirty-nine of the plays were staged. The Maid's Tragedy heads the list, but on

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the whole it was not the finer pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher that were chiefly in demand. The great collaborators were esteemed, Doctor Sprague concludes, for their theatrical merits as "expert purveyors of varied and full-bodied entertainment."

With that fact in mind, the treatment is kept close to the stage for which the adaptations were made. The result is a study which throws light on Beaumont and Fletcher as practical playwrights, besides illuminating their place in Restoration stage history.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Revelry and Ethics

Revelry, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS has written a novel, has made it up all out of his head. It is the story of a President of the United States in a time "just beyond our own day." This President comes from a state on the eastern border of the Middle West; he is weak, amiable, fatally loyal to the coterie of politicians who have helped him rise from obscurity to his present place. He drinks and plays poker with them, takes their advice, allows them to dictate appointments. He does not inquire too closely into the matter when an old investment of his own in western lands suddenly and mysteriously begins to pour money into his pockets. His little group of intimates capitalizes its position. The man who controls the Department of Justice sells immunity to bootleggers. The man in charge of federal hospitals condemns large quantities of good new equipment and sells it at ridiculously low prices, dividing the profits with the buyers. A member of the President's Cabinet is party to an illegal deal in oil lands. One of the minor members of the crowd, who knows too much, dies under peculiar circumstances. A lady friend of one of the grafters, to get revenge on his enemies, turns state's evidence and supplies a Senate investigating committee with information. The President dies before the end of his administration, broken-hearted at the knowledge that his confidence has been so shamefully betrayed. The Vice-President, who is to succeed him, comes to visit the deathbed. He

> looked inscrutably at the dying man out of his fishy eyes and assured him that [his] policies would be faithfully adhered to. The Vice-President did not know what [the President's] policies were. Nor did [the President]. Nor did anyone else. But it made a hit when sent out over the news association wires.

Are you thinking that you have heard all this somewhere before? Not at all, Mr. Adams assures you. For this President is not Warren Harding, but Willis Markham. He comes, not from Ohio, but from Michigan. His great friend and advisor is not Harry Daugherty, but Daniel Lurcock, not Attorney General, but an unofficial assistant in the Department of Justice. The man who sells hospital supplies at ten cents on the dollar is not Charles R. Forbes, head of the Veterans' Bureau, but Charles M. Madrigal, assistant to the director of the "Department of Public Health." The man who dies mysteriously is not the friend-secretary-valet of Daniel Lurcock, but another, minor member of the crowd. The deal in oil lands is put through by the Department of Public Health, and there is only a passing reference to other enterprises to which the Secretary of the Interior is privy. Mr. Adams's President has an innocent love affair with a heroine as standardized as a Ford car: young, beautiful, brilliant, of impeccable social position, possessor of a title and a mysterious tragic past, and talking like one of the ladies in the old Mencken-Nathan Smart Set magazine. In the end, his Willis Markham, having accidentally taken a slow poison, decides that life holds nothing more for him, and does not tell the physicians what he has done until it is too late for antidotes.

Before this book had been on sale a week it had achieved an extraordinary notoriety—one out of all proportion to its literary merits. As a work of fiction it is negligible. Mr. Adams has done at least two books which are better stories, better told: Success, and The Clarion. The encomiums and denunciations so liberally bestowed upon Revelry are based on the supposition that it is in fact a thinly disguised portrait of the Harding administration and the performance of the Ohio Gang. Prominent among the denouncers, by the way, is the Hon. Ned McLean, the famous millionaire who was the intimate friend of the Ohio crowd and made a fictitious loan of $100,000 to Secretary Fall to conceal the fact of another "loan" of $100,000 from Edward L. Doheny. Mr. McLean's Washing Post urges editorially that Revelry is "a filthy and vicious book . . . scurrilous . . . false, indecent and obscene," and urges that it be suppressed. From other and less interested sources have also come urgent demands, based on allegations of bad taste, that the author and publisher should withdraw the work.

The ethical point here raised is an interesting one. The chief strictures against Mr. Adams are three in number. First, he has written an historical novel without waiting until all the persons concerned are dead; second, he has introduced recognizable individuals under fictitious names; third, he has falsified the facts. The writer wishes to record his earnest dissent from these criticisms.

The theory that you shall not write about famous or infamous people until they are in their coffins is a meaningless bit of traditionalism, which grew out of the statesman's habit of publishing diaries and memoirs containing indiscreet references to associates. But if one is to be restrained from criticizing a public figure, or castigating a scoundrel, until he has passed away, the net result is immunity for the period which statesmen and scoundrels care most about—that of their own lives. More novels like Revelry would mean more honesty in office.

The charge that fictitious names are used seems to me equally unimportant. Imagine the howl we should have heard if Mr. Adams had given his characters their proper tags! If the law of libel worked with infallible justice, if truth were, in fact, an adequate defense, and if the novelist had a million dollars and five years' time with which to amuse himself in a court battle, he might go out and shout uphill at the landslide. Things being otherwise, here is an end which richly justifies the not dishonorable means.

Weakest of all is the allegation that Mr. Adams has falsified the facts. It is true that he has altered some circumstances, and added a few fictional characters. But in no case has he changed matters to make them worse than they were in fact. No character is blacker in the pages of this book than in life. Spiritually, it is true; its picture is fair and accurate.

The high-minded persons who are objecting to the novel ought, it seems to me, to transfer their censure to the late Mr. Harding and his friends. It was they who made

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this book possible. It was they who brought dishonor upon the national government. Mr. Adams is the historian, but they were the sinners. Revelry is not a good book, but it may prove a useful one. It may perhaps arouse some portion of the American people from that apathy which caused them to sit blandly by while a few devoted men ferreted out the truth; to ignore the revelations after they were made; and to give a new and overwhelming endorsement to the party which had afforded the rascals their opportunity to loot.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

"The Melancholy Bull"

Guy de Maupassant, a Biographical Study, by Ernest Boyd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

The Life, Work and Evil Fate of Guy de Maupassant, by Robert Harborough Sherard. New York: Brentano's. $4.50.

ONLY a few of Maupassant's stories would be necessary to convince one that here was an extraordinary man, a gifted but singularly narrow and lonely sport of nature, powerful, relentless, capable, but incurably off the main track of humanity. At first, as one reads, one is struck by the lucid directness of the stories, by their cutting edge, their malicious veracity, their hammer and anvil solidity, their temperature, which like naked metal to the tongue in winter, is so cold that it seems hot. But soon, as one bloody or adulterous pattern gives way to the next, and the heavy preoccupations repeat themselves with insatiable chilled fury, one becomes both bored and horrified. Later, a curiosity is born of this repetition, this cruel obsession, and one reads on in order to find out what kind of a man the author was, and what was wrong with him. Not from the common itch to know what is wrong with anyone, and revel in eavesdropping knowledge, but because Maupassant fascinates, as well as repels, by his lack of humanity, his likeness to some mythical satyr and demigod let loose, to his sorrow and their bewilderment, among human beings. Desires, animality, physical pride, amorous insatiability he was endowed with to maniacal excess, but common friendliness, the sympathy that links one human to another, were left out of his make-up altogether. So much at least one learns by reading his stories and novels. It is by no means all: he was a much more complicated and pitiable, indeed a more likable fellow than his stories hint at. A full answer to the question, what sort was he after all, is given in these two books by Mr. Boyd and Mr. Sherard.

Of the two, Mr. Boyd's is by far the better book. Both cover somewhat the same ground, but Mr. Sherard doubles back on his tracks, indulges in obscure circumlocutions, smacks his lips over his own luscious euphemisms, and manages to throw a self-conscious fog over what, when we come to Mr. Boyd's version of the same events, seems perfectly clear. If Mr. Boyd's volume were not here to challenge comparison, what Mr. Sherard has done could at least be put down as interesting, but in the face of Mr. Boyd's capable directness, it is not even that. Mr. Sherard, who seems to have no very definite point of view of his own, cannot keep himself in the background. Mr. Boyd, on the contrary, is the admirably self-effacing guide, whose opinion as to the matter in hand we deduce from what he presents to us. Indeed, one wishes that he had spoken louder and longer in his own person, for the too brief judgment of Maupassant's work in his last chapter is so good as to make one wish for a great deal more. Mr. Sherard is the kind of person who can refer to Léon Daudet as "a thoroughly kind-hearted man."

Maupassant's life seems to follow no known pattern, and is full of dark contradictions. What manner of child he was might throw light on later darkness, but neither of our investigators has been able to find anything of really tell-tale value. How did it happen that this fearless, healthy, independent young fellow's first step should have been so pettily cautious? It does not seem in the least like Maupassant to have pulled all sorts of wires in order to secure the smallest kind of a government post at an insignificant salary; it seems even less like him to have stayed there seven or eight years, filing dusty papers, playing the part, to outward view, of some anæmic, timorous little clerk waiting out the decades until his pension. After hours his impatient, ravenous vitality spent itself in boating, in love affairs, and, little by little, in learning how to write, in which he showed a slow, colossal, mental patience in strange contrast with the habits of his body. How did he keep these compartments of himself separate? How could he, the "taureau triste," bend his nose so long to the grindstone turned by Flaubert? Perhaps, along with his physical furies, there burned inside him a slower indomitable fury to succeed, to be somebody, to write, perhaps it was an obsession only second to his chief obsession—women.

After this slow apprenticeship, success came to him almost overnight. With the publication of Boule de Suif in a collection of stories by followers of Zola, Maupassant was a made man. From then on his star flared to its climax for a few glorious years. But while still in his thirties, the curtain of madness and disease began slowly to descend. He wrote less and less, went further back into the past to find stories for his collected volumes, began to behave with paranoiac irritation toward his publisher, his friends, tried to commit suicide, was put in a straitjacket, in an asylum, and at last flickered out, "like a lamp without oil." Both biographers, Mr. Sherard a little more explicitly, lay the blame for his decay upon syphilis. Undoubtedly it finished him off before his time, but he had in him the seeds of mental and emotional disorders which would have warped his work had he lived, even as they warped what he actually accomplished. He was a victim of the most phenomenal satyriasis—to use Mr. Boyd's term: he was never in love, but he had love affairs at all times and all places, with no matter whom, apparently, provided she was a woman. A woman always, never a human being to him, a fellow upon this world, worthy of affection, equality, understanding as well as conquest. He was as insatiable as he was omnivorous, as great a madness as the special form of disorder which finally dragged him down. Emotionally, he seems always to have been a cripple, though a cripple of gigantic, fabulous disproportion. This defect blasted and shriveled much of what his vigorous clear mind produced. For with this malady of the lower centres, the higher inevitably suffered also, and we find him spiritually, as well as emotionally, beggared and twisted. Supposing him to have been more normally inclined toward sympathy, kindness, understanding, what great stories he might have written! He had so much at his command: a superb narrative sense, a mastery of detail, a pitiless clarity of vision, a gift for motion, architecture, surprise, drama; what extraordinary stories these talents would have written if only allied with a little of the commonest sugar of humanity. And yet one is also forced to admit that to have taken away from him his obsession, his cynical, thirsty cruelties, would have surely robbed what he wrote of its terrible directness. Hard, if not always

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accurate hitting, was the most genuine of his abilities, and to ask that he be mollified by kindness is to try to take this ability away.

The long apprenticeship under Flaubert had its effect, but the effect, as Mr. Boyd points out, soon wore off, and in 1883, with Une Vie, ceased altogether. "That fatal facility and triviality of epithet and phrase which Flaubert tried to check, as in his comments on Désirs, made itself felt immediately after the stories in La Maison Tellier," and Maupassant quite forgot his master's excellent advice that the secret of originality lay in "looking at anything one wishes to describe long enough and attentively enough to discover an aspect of it which has never been seen or described by anyone else." Even with these and other penetrating discounts, Mr. Boyd ranks Maupassant higher than would I. Granted that at his best, few other practitioners of the mechanics of narrative, scene setting, unwinding and final kick can touch him, granted that he builds up many unforgettable pictures, granted that he is a master of grisly and horrible effects, granted that he is technically supreme in the knack of pouring upon his reader, at the right moment, a thousand tons of ice-water in one single shock, he seems to me on the whole distinctly of the second rank. His characters, while often amazingly lifelike, are very seldom alive; he sees them with irony, admiration, detachment, cynical placidity, but hardly ever with that sympathy which alone can cause to move marble, however accurately chiseled; he is that familiar type among novelists, the despot, who rules his characters with an iron hand, bidding them say this, do that, be there, an Olympianism that at best results in admirable puppets; he will not let well enough alone, either in one story, or in the series of them, but is forever rubbing in his cruder effects until we are bored and disbelieving; he lacks that essential faith and respect for human nature which can give breath, wings even, to silly and contemptible men and women; he does not respect or love life itself, he is apart from it, an unhappy, gifted, limited stranger, doomed to visit, upon his translation of it, his own excrescences and his own pitiful obsession. R. L.

Ice Ages, Recent and Ancient, by A. P. Coleman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 290 pages. $4.

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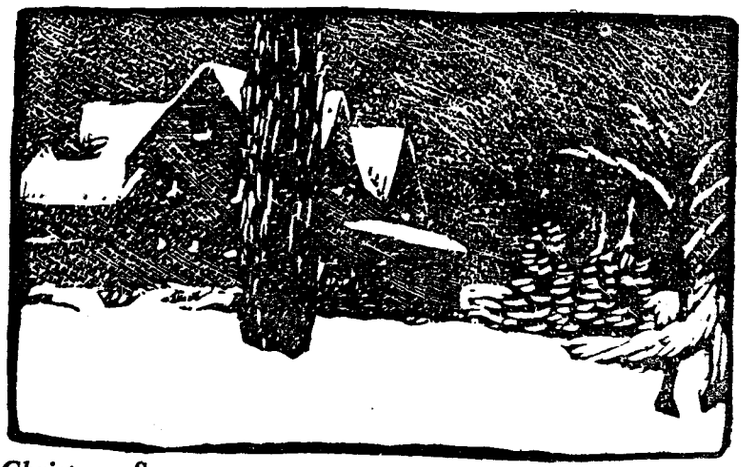

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